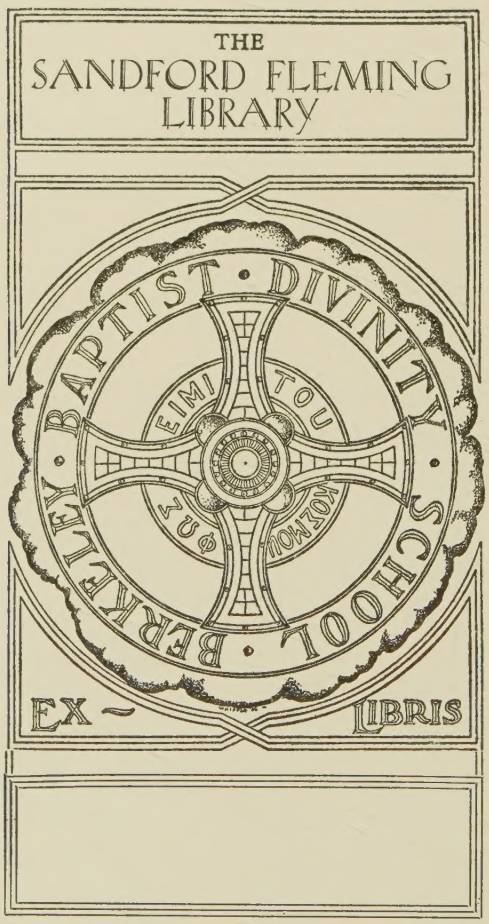
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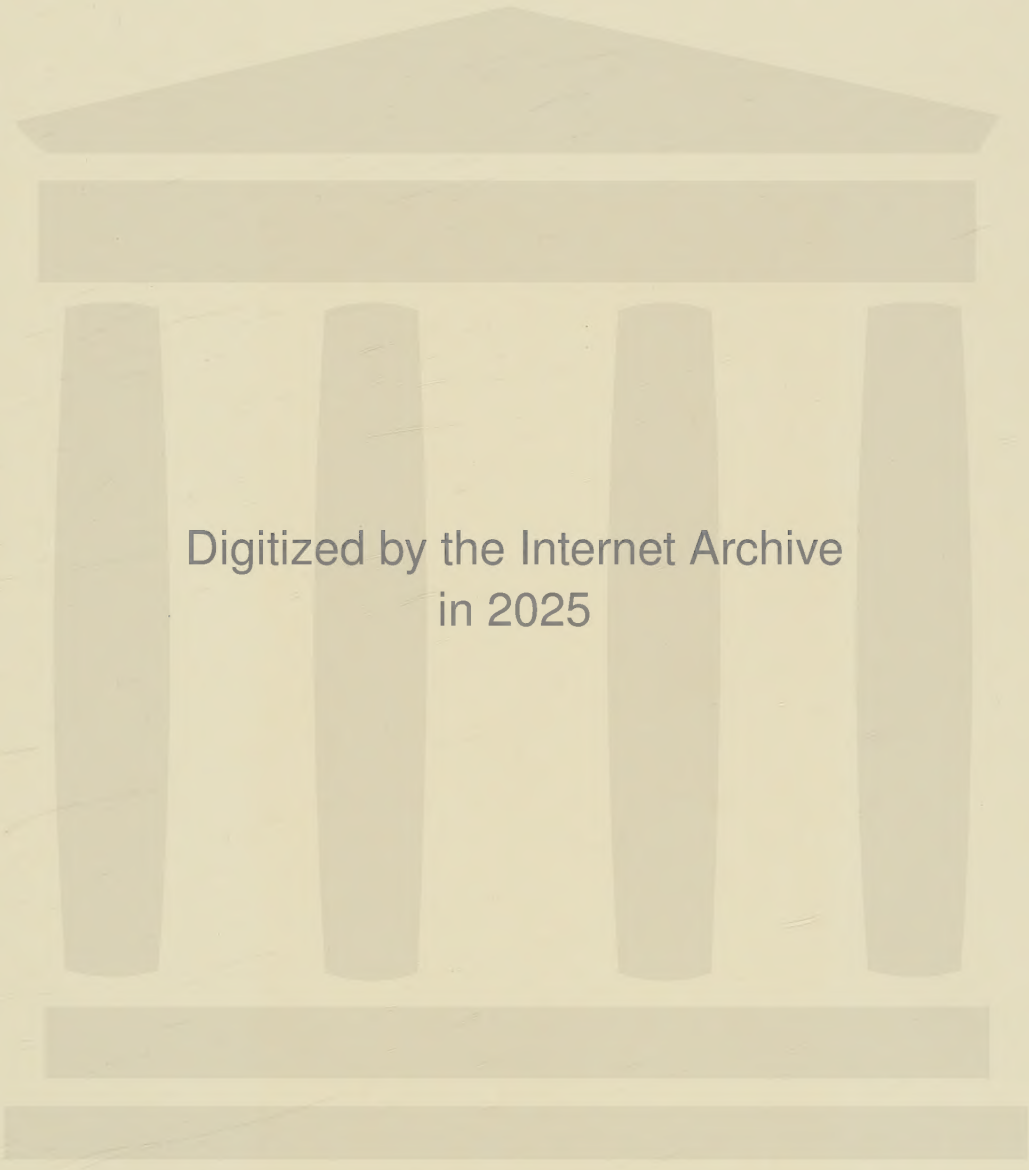

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MENNONITE LIFE

January, 1959

Published in the interest
of the best
in the religious, social, and economic phases
of Mennonite culture

A WELCOME GIFT AT ANY TIME

Some of our readers have made it a habit of giving *Mennonite Life* for one year, or a number of years, to their friends at festive occasions. Have you joined them?

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Readers of *Mennonite Life* will recall that some issues have been devoted to special subjects, such as "Peacetime Alternative Service" or the "1-W Program." The July, 1958, issue was devoted to this program. It also contained four articles on music and organs. This issue is particularly helpful for study groups, Sunday evening programs, and 1-W orientation sessions.

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North Newton, Kansas

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Typical Street of Japanese City
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MENNONITE LIFE

An Illustrated Quarterly

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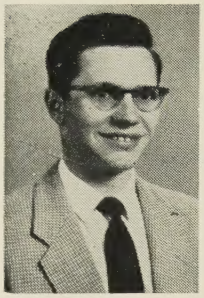
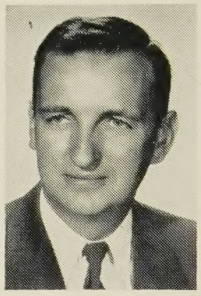
(From left to right)





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What About Our Simple Way of Life?

Yticilpmis

By JACOB SUDERMANN

Between the ideal
And the reality
Between the star
And the wagon
Falls the shadow

PETER Helmuth, the visiting missionary from Japan, spoke the last word of his morning sermon. He had begun it with a sense of burden, with a concern he wished to share. But the feeling of release, the feeling of buoyancy that is the reward of an understanding sharing of concern, had not come to him. He slowly raised his right arm in an attitude of blessing, and gravely, with an undeniable note of sadness, he intoned: *The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make his face to shine upon you, and give you peace. Amen.*

He remained standing beside the pulpit after the benediction, his left hand firmly clasping its carved rim, his right arm now slack against his side. He was reviewing his sermon mentally, searching for the flaws that had made his audience unreceptive. The people below him were now filing out. Here and there a curious over-the-shoulder glance was sent in his direction.

He was a very perceiving individual. He could note in these furtive glances a certain embarrassment, even a hint of disapproval that sometimes verged on hostility. Although he was a comparatively young man, he had experienced much. Hostility was not a new experience to him; it was just that he had not expected to encounter it here. Yes, he had disturbed them; that was clear.

Their critical eyes had beheld a youngish man whose clothes were of a nondescript character, looking well travelled, but definitely not American. If his trousers had ever been pressed, it had not been lately. It was obvious he did not spend much time on his personal appearance. His face was thin, too thin for its bone structure, and pale as if he had not been in the sun for a long time. But his large brown eyes shone with a steady glow of extraordinary fervor that spoke of inner fires of prime intensity. It was these eyes that were disconcerting and embarrassing to those less spiritually orientated, and conscious of it. But this he could not know.

He had just arrived in the States from seven years of very active Christian service in Osaka. This was his first appearance before an audience of what he had always spoken of abroad as his own people. These were the folks who had sent him out to preach the Gospel to a highly literate society with old traditions and a rich culture, people like Kiyoshi and his doll-sized wife, Hanako, his dear Japanese friends.

He had just finished explaining to these home folks what a difficult task it was to spread the Gospel in Japan. It was something like the implications of that much used expression: Waging a total war. He had told them, being a missionary there was not a kind of hazardous plunge into a primeval forest filled with lurking aborigines. Those kinds of fields were rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth, God be praised. And when you went to countries of ancient culture, more was needed than just plain zeal and a superficial or even tutored knowledge of the Bible.

Very often, he had told them, the people among whom you worked were actually your cultural superiors. This kind of spiritual warfare therefore required the mobilization and cooperation of all the forces of the church. It involved every individual in the church at home. The method of sending out Gospel Knights from distant and invulnerable bases was a thing of the past.

He had told his audience that they were vulnerable too; that it made a real difference what their life was and how it expressed itself, because even the most distant peoples were right on their front doorsteps, listening and seeing. The world today was a small community where everyone knew what his neighbor was doing; that to be an American in a foreign country was to be suspect because of observed realities back home. It was probably surprising to them, good intentioned people that they were, here, this morning, in this church, that in many places of the world they were not loved, that they still had to prove their right to be the emissaries of Christ.

And not all ideas foreigners had of America and Americans were so wrong. He, himself, had seen things in a different light after he had become detached from the environment of his home community. It was the careless flaunting of our material prosperity in the face of those who were dispossessed or lacking in the ordinary wants of life that did the damage. It did not excuse us at home that we were innocent of the knowledge of this.

It was necessary to remain alert to the temperature of our Christian vitality so that we might truly be among the sheep on the right hand, according to the description of Matthew 25:33. Our living had to make this visual to those whom we wished to influence. When you preached the Gospel to the lost brother who had little, it was a very

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real question how much more you dared to enjoy materially before your standard of living raised a barrier between you and your witness, and at the same time put your own spiritual development in jeopardy.

It was well to remember that Jesus did not have a place to lay his head that he might call his own. The Christian too must practice renunciation of material impediments.

It was easy to preach: *Take no thought for the morrow* when your larder was stocked for the winter, when your wardrobe had clothes to discard, when your family had four times as much living space under a tight roof as the average family on earth.

Peter Helmuth had looked forward to this first public appearance upon his return to his own people. He had wanted this morning to draw close to them and lay his concern for the vitality of the total church witness on their hearts. But ever since he had landed in San Francisco, his own heart had become increasingly heavy with the feeling of being an alien among his own kind. And just now, standing here at the pulpit, watching his audience disperse, he felt more foreign than ever.

He watched the people file out of their comfortable benches. He had poured out his whole energy and now felt exhausted. He stood there, his intelligent, pale face showing his weariness. It was more than physical spentness; it was the type of tiredness that stems from defeat.

He knew his message had not penetrated. All the time he was speaking his words seemed to bounce back at him. *Oh Lord,* he prayed, *I have been gone from these people only a short seven years, from these people who sent me out to crusade for you. I do not seem to speak their language any more. Have they changed so much, or is it I who have changed?*

* * *

He stood there beside the ornately carved pulpit, feeling the smooth mahogany surface of it; and looking down into the auditorium of this spanking new Hopefield Church, reflecting this question of his involuntary prayer that was a cry of anguished uncertainty in the remote recesses of his innermost self, where he habitually met God. It seemed he had stretched out his hand for a renewal of Christian fellowship with his own people and there had been no one to take it.

The grained wood of the clearing benches gleamed dully in the muted light sifting through the stained glass windows. The carpeted aisles were absorbing the noise of shuffling feet. He could see the hurried activity of mothers behind the glass partition that filtered out the nursery noises yet permitted the worship participation of the adults behind it. His eyes wandered up to the ceiling where the tracery of heavy, dark stained beams expressed lightness underlined by strength. The resilient carpet of the rostrum was springy under his feet.

He sighed, moved behind the pulpit and slowly closed the large Bible from which he had read his text. He kept his eyes on that text as long as its imperative words remained visible. It was the passage from Matthew 8, verses 19 to 23: *Follow me, follow me.* That iteration found there had become increasingly meaningful to him since he first became a Christian. He was sure it could mean still more to him in the unfolding future, but how difficult it was to define those words of Jesus to others!

He sighed again as he turned away from the pulpit and strode past the throne-like ministers' chairs and the heavily ornate bishop's seat in the center. All the conventional ingredients for a real worship service were here, the material ones and those less tangible ones that you might call atmosphere, but he had to confess it; he felt closer to God in Osaka, in the makeshift, unheated old frame structure that housed his little flock of believers there on a Sunday morning.

The sense of defeat was so strong in him at this moment that he had thoughts of cutting his furlough short to return to that mission post where there were people waiting for him, needing him, people like Kiyoshi and Hanako. God had used him as a tool to reconcile them to himself. They were souls he had helped to reconciliation personally. The fellowship he had with them was intimate, sweet and rewarding. That distant mission post seemed this morning more like home to him than this place and those people there more dear to him than these people here who had a prior claim to him, the claim of blood and country.

He made his way through the pastor's study to the front entrance lobby where Deacon Sam Miller wanted him to shake a few hands.

"And this is Jonas Stolzfuss," Sam Miller was saying; "he has asked to take you home for dinner."

Jonas Stolzfuss was a man of large presence. This large presence impression was one thing Peter Helmuth had noticed especially, since landing in San Francisco. Everything seemed to run to body here at home. The bigness of everything from the people themselves to their possessions was a striking contrast to the world he had come from. One had the feeling the country was positively gorged; it was a thought that oppressed his spirit. He felt the largeness was in bad taste.

It was not difficult to see Jonas Stolzfuss was one of those ten talent men who knew how to make money increase. From the moment Peter Helmuth looked into his florid, expansive Pennsylvania Dutch face, punctuated by the two gold front teeth that somehow struggled to be inconspicuous, he knew this was a man who was accustomed to make the wheels of profit turn. This feeling, accompanied by the experience of a crushing handgrip, continued to mushroom each additional minute into increasingly painful certainty.

Deacon Miller was feeling his responsibility this morning. The pastor was away. He had gone to Scottdale on business. Outwardly he had, so to speak, been at peace, knowing that his pulpit was adequately filled by the missionary from Japan, but subconsciously he had regretted being absent from his parish, for it was his church that was supporting Peter Helmuth abroad. He had remarked to his deacon before leaving him in charge, tongue in cheek of course, "It seems to me we are getting too much

organization in the church; (He was speaking of the composite church) I sometimes feel we are spending so much time keeping the machinery going and giving birth to new machinery that the real work of the church doesn't get done."

Deacon Miller scratched his head. Some of the pastor's subtleties were beyond his comprehension. He could have discussed the present stock market dilemma very intelligently, but this remark of the pastor's seemed a bit irrational to him. "Is that possible?" he asked dubiously.

"Well, it does sound rather silly," admitted the other, "but I do know I ought to be at home this Sunday."

"Oh, I'll take good care of Brother Helmuth, pastor; don't worry about that."

"You do that, and tell him I'll see him at General Conference. We are on the same committee for something or other." And so it came about that Deacon Miller had dutifully introduced the missionary Peter Helmuth to his good friend Jonas Stolzfuss: *Because Jonas is a good entertainer and has all the comforts of a beautiful home,* the good deacon reasoned.

After much handshaking with other members of the church also, Deacon Miller engineered his charge to the side of a large car already waiting for its passenger at the curb serving the front entrance of the imposing Hopefield Church.

The car's appearance was quite in keeping with the beautiful building. There was a visible kinship of expensive quality between the very mobile and the immobile that made for aesthetic pleasure. The automobile's white sidewalls still had that faint blue tinge of pure whiteness. Peter Helmuth wouldn't have been surprised to see a man with the traditional chauffer's cap at the wheel, but it was only the genial face of Jonas Stolzfuss, whose two gold teeth flashed an invitation to get in. Peter Helmuth was half expecting Deacon Miller to open the car door for him, but it presently opened of its own accord without any apparent manipulation by the good deacon.

The young missionary had first seen some of these late models on the loading docks of the Embarcadero in San Francisco. These cars had given him the first intimation of the great changes in the American landscape and had continued to remain the most eye-compelling change with the exception, perhaps, of the non-standardized television towers that sprouted out of every rooftop with mushroom fecundity.

* * *

This was his first furlough. *Seven years have made more of a difference than I had expected to find,* he had thought, viewing the new cars on the dock while his ship was being nudged into its berth. *Just look at that chrome! When I left here chrome was still on the critical supply list on account of the war. And those colors! They remind me of the new juke box in the ship's diner. All they need are some of those blending flourescent lights in the windows. I can't see a single black car in the lot, or a solid color car for that matter. What a change since Ford introduced Eggshell Blue!*

Well, San Francisco was a fabulous city. You could expect most anything there, but it was definitely a shock to be suddenly invited to get into one of these gaudy contraptions, especially by one of the members of his own confession that was traditionally so opposed to following the *fashions* of the world.

He slid into the front seat beside Jonas Stolzfuss. This physical action was entirely reflex. Mentally, he was in a daze that mercifully hindered his committing a breach of etiquette. He sank into the foam-rubber cushion. The door closed as if it knew he was safely inside. Deacon Miller's waving hand and the little knot of people dwarfed by the architecture behind them were cut off from his view as the car took a corner.

The pungent odor of factory newness pervaded the car's interior. He saw that the upholstery matched one of the blues on the body. It was comfortable; he would not deny it, and he was tired. He had never learned to preach in a relaxed way. It always took so much out of him. He was grateful for the comfort that now cradled him, but his mind was reasserting itself and refused to let him enjoy it long.

Thoughts of Japan came unbidden. It was impossible not to make comparisons with the life of the seven years spent there, trying to sow the Gospel into the minds of those alert little men and women just awakening from a nightmare of disillusionment in the things of this world where time was now divided into that part before the A-bomb and the part after.

Austerity had been more than a word to him during these seven years. He had pedalled bicycles to go the longer distances; otherwise, he had walked like the millions of others. *I wonder what my dear Christian friend, Kiyoshi Okamura would think if he saw me now, riding in this outfit?* Peter Helmuth could visualize the happy face of his friend as he customarily greeted the *long nosed* American Brother at the door of his clean but very makeshift home in Osaka. The house was a slight structure that a little wind or quake might tumble down any day. Kiyoshi's smile in his round face was genuine, warm. The memory of that smile suddenly filled Peter Helmuth with his first real twinge of nostalgia.

He was surprised at himself. It confused him a bit to discover such an emotion toward Kiyoshi and also toward that small group of very humble Christian friends who represented his missionary effort in Osaka. After all wasn't he at home right now? *No, no, Peter Helmuth! This is the good old U.S.A. This is your home. Here is where your people live. These are the brothers and sisters of your confession who sent you out to preach the Gospel! Your first loyalty is to them. You must cease making comparisons! You have been doing it ever since you sighted San Francisco!* But try as he would, he could not feel mentally at ease in his present environment although his body was ready enough to relax in the comfort the moment provided. He felt somewhat like a traitor.

His fingers caressed the rich texture of the car seat's fabric. He listened to the almost effortless hum of the high powered motor that rushed them along the new highway with such deceptive ease while he tried to rationalize the growing conflict of loyalties within him.

"How do you like our new church?" Jonas Stolzfuss asked by way of starting a conversation. Jonas was never at ease when there was silence. He preferred people who did their thinking out loud.

"It is a very wonderful structure; it must have cost a great deal."

"You can say that again. I am one of the trustees of the church; I ought to know. That building cost us no less than four hundred thousand."

Peter Helmuth looked at his host with genuine surprise and even alarm.

"That much?" he asked.

"Yep, prices went up some since you were here last. But we have the money. Yep, we have it. Never had it so good. Might as well have the best money can buy. It's all paid for too. We don't owe a cent on it, not a red cent."

Jonas Stolzfuss' possessive pride in the new church building was very evident. And why shouldn't he be proud of it? He was not going to brag, of course. He was not going to tell this missionary brother that he, Jonas Stolzfuss, had solicited the major share of the money by means of his talented salesmanship. He had managed to talk lukewarm people into ardent supporters. He had also put some money in the plate before he passed it around to the others by way of example. Of course, how much this was, he alone knew. People suspected it was a large sum, but they were just guessing. Wait till they read his last will and testament some day; then they would really know!

* * *

If only he wouldn't raise his upper lip so much when he smiles, thought Peter Helmuth; *I have the impression he likes to show his two gold teeth.* "Was the old church becoming too small?" he asked.

"No, we haven't added any *outsiders;* it's just family growth, you know, but not too much of that either. "Peter Helmuth winced at the word *outsiders.* Jonas continued, unaware of his visitor's distress, "But some of us got to feeling our church looked a bit run-down at the heels in comparison with some of our home properties, you understand. We thought the Lord ought to have the best."

"Yes, the Lord ought to have the best." Peter Helmuth's agreement was perfunctory. His eyes were focused on a distant prospect still vivid in his mind.

He was thinking of the great cathedrals he had seen in Europe before the war. They too were the residual evidence of a similar worthy sentiment. There you had the superlative of giving *the best.* A continual stream of tourists visited those tremendous structures attesting to the wealth of Christendom. They were very well attended by tourists. At that time he had been struck by the thought: *These people are not seeking God; they would be surprised if Christ confronted them here. They know in their hearts he prefers the simpler settings where he is more likely to be needed and really wanted. Here the very pomp and circumstances that they have tried to enshrine him in have raised a barrier against him. They are worshipping man's handiwork and are identifying themselves with it; taking pride in it as assistant creators. The real sense of need for the One they have sought to capture here, they have lost.*

How unutterably sad he had suddenly felt at that moment standing in a great edifice at Mainz, raised as a thanksgiving to devine revelation, knowing that this revelation, if not forgotten, was now largely ignored. In Europe of that day, the material world had certainly obscured the spiritual; it had even blatantly denied the reality of it. Like a green tree seared in the heat of frost at the season's turn, it had prepared itself disbelievingly for the fire from heaven that did come to reduce it to ashes.

"What happened to the old building?" he then asked Jonas Stolzfuss.

"Oh, Sam Miller bought it to build a barn for his second farm. Sam's getting ahead real good now. The Lord's blessed him since he began to tithe. Makes a good deacon too, Sam does."

Peter Helmuth reflected how his mission group in Osaka might have used that building. It was probably full of Sam's beautiful cows now. *How wonderful it would be to have a building as good as that one still was. We shall soon need to do something about our temporary shack. We must have a building we can heat.*

And then it occurred to him for the first time that he and Jonas were alone in the big, handsome car. *Fleetwood,* he read on the recessed dash panel. The word was tastefully spelled out in raised letters on a gold field.

"Wasn't your family in church today, Brother Stolzfuss?" he asked, thinking there might be sickness in the Stolzfuss home.

"Yes, the Missus and the kids were there. They figured it might take some time to shake all those hands waiting to shake yours. Tom has his own car, you know. That's our boy. They went home with Tom to get dinner started."

"Well, it must be handy to have two cars."

"Yep, it makes it handy. Practically everybody has two cars now. It's nice, but it also creates a few problems."

"I can understand that," Peter Helmuth agreed. "I remember when my own father brought the first car home. It greatly increased my opportunities to run around."

Jonas Stolzfuss nodded. A troubled expression came into his competent blue eyes and erased some of that self-sufficiency. Peter Helmuth suddenly felt Jonas had become more likable because of it. He could not know that Tom had lately been quite a pill, that he was just at that age when boys habitually topple Dad off the pedestal

of a semi-deity. Jonas couldn't quite cope with Tom these days in an unimpassioned way. After all, he was his boy. He loved him.

"I guess Tom's no worse than most boys his age in our church," he said defensively, "but now that he has his own car, he is a bit hard to hold down."

"Wouldn't it be safer not to give him a car?"

"Well, quite a few boys have their own cars, Brother Helmuth, and so the pressure is on to be like everybody else. But it isn't that I simply gave Tom a car. I made a bargain with him. I attached a few strings. I think I have Tom where I want him now. Just give me a little more time." Jonas chuckled.

Peter Helmuth turned his head to take in the sight of lush fields of corn and avoid the sight of the two gold teeth showing again.

"How do you mean?" he wanted to know, for the subject interested him.

"Well, Tom couldn't see going to college. I simply offered to buy him a car if he promised to go to our church school. He's a smart boy, Tom is."

"Do you think going to school there will settle him?"

"Sure they'll straighten the boy out. We have mighty fine people there. Chapel every day. Good clean companions all around him. It can't miss. Here he's just like a young colt looking through the wide gaps of a rail fence at the green grass out of his reach. That grass out there looks mighty attractive to him right now. I want to keep my children in the church, Brother Helmuth. I want them to appreciate the simple life and not get lost looking for greener pastures. We have lost entirely too many of our young people."

Peter Helmuth felt himself compelled to look at his host. It was the expression *Simple Life* that jolted him. Had Jonas Stolzfuss really used it? The gold teeth were not showing now. Jonas was evidently sincere. *The same kind of sincerity that a blind man can conscientiously* express, Peter Helmuth mused with his eye on the word *Fleetwood*. Jonas cut his musing short.

"I am hoping school will put the bit and blinkers on my boy long enough so he must concentrate on the values of his heritage. The kids these days live in such a fast-moving world, and they are surrounded and pounded by so many distracting experiences that they somehow lose out on their first religious experience. We have a good school. They get back on the right track there."

Peter Helmuth nodded, wondering what happened to all those who did not go to this school of correction. There was certainly some truth in that argument of modern pressures. In Japan he had forgotten the feel of those pressures a bit. Since arriving in San Francisco, however, the haste and chase of living had again become a very vivid impression. Jonas would have described it as the hot breath of a bull in pursuit. The anxious eye on the wristwatch, that was a typical Americanism. Peter Helmuth's eyes again focused on the dash ornament with the aristocratic trade name.

The symbolic ornament reminded him of an experience he had had in India soon after the war. It occurred when he was visiting a missionary friend of his in the former Central Province country. That was after he had decided to become a missionary himself; he had still been waiting for the Lord to show him where. This friend of his had invited the native Christians to his mission compound on a Sunday afternoon. They wanted the visiting *Brother from America* to talk to them of the *Brethren* across the big ocean.

* * *

It was one of those sweltering days the Central Province country is so capable of producing. A clump of mango trees planted around the priceless compound well provided a scanty shade. Here the Indian converts had gathered, squatting on the short dry grass. They were clothed in their customary scant attire, serious eyes directed on the man from America. "We have heard so much about your kind of people, Sahib; now tell us about their simple way of life," they begged.

He had evaded their request. He just had not been able to comply with it. As he stood there, looking into their dark expectant eyes and their naive yet intelligent faces, as he had contemplated the utter simplicity of the few cents worth of cotton that scarcely clothed them, he had suddenly become painfully aware of his fifty dollar suit, his feet encased in twenty dollar shoes, his head shielded by his fine panama hat, his flashing sixty-dollar wristwatch and the seventy-five dollar camera hanging conscipuously from the leather strap about his neck. The famous quotation from Burns had flashed through his mind. It was a lesson he had never forgotten.

"Here we are." Jonas Stolzfuss had turned off the road into a fir-lined lane. Whitewashed fences flanked it. Behind them white-faced cattle raised their heads from knee-deep clover to stare in mute curiosity. At the far end of the lane the metal cupolas of twin silos rose out of a large area of deciduous foliage, and alongside these tall sentinels the expanse of a gambrel roof barrelled its huge pentagonal contours into the blue sky. The aluminum tipped silos caught the noon sun and reflected it. The vista into which Peter Helmuth was being driven was undeniably pleasing to the eye.

My people still know how to farm, he reflected with pleasure. Jonas Stolzfuss was an expert in husbandry; that was apparent in everything which met the eye here. And it was not surprising; farming was in his blood. He was so to speak, bred to farm. For generations his people had been tillers of the soil. Put down in what was usually a pioneering venture, they had consistently brought the desert into bloom. Hard work and clean living had always been the key to their success. The only aspect of life that seemed to give them serious trouble was success itself. Peter Helmuth thought with satisfaction of his own solid background. This kind of solidity, the root-in-the-soil type, this was his own heritage. Was it wrong to have a bit of pride in it?

Peter's friends in a field in Kyushu, Japan.

"Beautiful farm!" he exclaimed, and then he said it again with a settled conviction: "You have a beautiful farm."

"Yep," Jonas Stolzfuss agreed, and in his eyes was the look of a man who has realized his dreams; "it took a lot of work, and sometimes a little blood, but now it's just like the picture I had in my mind long ago. It's like I want it."

The car entered a circular drive and drew abreast a modest, comfortable looking frame house almost hidden in the shade of lofty maples planted there by an older generation. It was a typical two-story house like it was customary to build them at the turn of the century, a simple rectangle with a hip roof. You could see it had been added to twice. These additions with their shed type roofs served to give the whole structure the appearance of being well anchored to the ground. It impressed one as having grown there like the trees surrounding it. It was in good repair. The white paint was of recent application. The shingle roof was pleasantly aged. It was the type of home Peter Helmuth had grown up in, unostentatious, clean, serving its purpose as shelter and doing it with a simple adequacy the memory of which still warmed his heart.

He saw himself as a boy just entering the years of manhood. How often he had come in from the sun drenched field to such a home as this after sitting all

What Peter Helmuth saw in a distant land.

morning on the hot iron seat of a sulky or gang plow, imposing his will on more or less tractable horses. Here he was, coming up the lane, retracted ploughshares scoured bright as any modern chrome surface. The shadows the horses threw were very small. He had always gauged the time of day that way rather than to look into the blinding sun. The ears of his five beasts were standing straight up now, the rascals. They had suddenly become very willing; he even had to hold them back. The iron wheels on the cattle pocked dirt lane made for hard riding. He would rein the horses up to the side of the barn and stop. They were very eager now. It took some skill to unhitch them from the double-trees while at the same time dodging their wickedly flailing tails.

The beasts had scented the water in the tank by the windmill. He had to work fast at the unbridling. The rank horse odor mixed with the smell of sweated leather beat into his face. They were so impatient to thrust their hot noses deep under the green surface scum of that cool water in the tank that occasionally one got away with its bridle only half off or a tug still dragging in the dirt. It seemed they drank forever. Sometimes they eyed him pixie-like, white eyeballs accentuated, not drinking at all, just delaying. He himself was eager to reach the cool shade of the white house among the trees and to smell the cooking on the iron range.

After dinner came that short hour of rest, all the more desirable because of the certainty that you would have to go out into the heat once more for a long afternoon. He had stretched out on the cool wide boards of the parlor floor, or perhaps had gone out to lie on the shady side of the house in the soft grass, to lie flat on his back and to stare up at the blue sky through the meshes of his sweat stained straw hat. This house they were now abreast of on Jonas Stolzfuss' farm reminded him of all those pleasant sensations belonging to the past, when there was plenty of hard work to keep a boy's mind healthy and his conscience clear. *Sometimes* he mused, *I am inclined to think it was in those days when we were in between the terribly hard pioneering experiences and the present flush times that my people were all around the healthiest in every respect. Kiyoshi and Hanako could easily have claimed kinship with us then, but at that time we still did not have the Macedonian vision. How strange!*

To Peter Helmuth's surprise and distinct disappointment the car did not stop here.

"Hired hand lives there," Jonas volunteered, indicating the house with a careless hand motion, and he added: "That's where I was born." And then they did stop.

* * *

A second house had disclosed itself abruptly, a single story ranch type of brick and stone. The landscaping around it was of recent origin. For all its clean angles, the house seemed a bit self-conscious. It lacked that intimate relationship to the soil it rested on that the old house close by had. The vegetation surrounding it was

still too short to perform its office; it did not cover the feet of the house. *That is it,* Peter Helmuth thought; *the house looks barefooted. Yes, and barefaced too. The huge picture window in front seems to be responsible for that!*

Why do people put these large areas of transparency in front? On the farm it was to some degree excusable, but he had noticed it in the cities, too. It gave the passerby the illusion of looking into the show window of a furniture store. It expressed a sort of brazen frankness that belonged to the category of the strapless gown, a type of frankness that only the naive children of nature can practice with mental comfort. *This house is sophisticated,* he thought; *one can feel it is uncomfortable with its open front. A home should be a place where one can withdraw from the public gaze and reenergize in solitude. A home should wear a veil.*

They came to a smooth stop. Jonas Stolzfuss had cut the motor. He laughed his gilt edge laugh when his visitor began feeling unsuccessfully for the door handle. He pushed one of the small button-like levers arranged in a series on the inside panel of his door.

"New safety device," he chortled; "it's all automatic." The door on Peter Helmuth's side opened.

"Watch this." Jonas was enjoying himself like a boy with a new toy train. He pushed another button; the window on his side began a noiseless descent. He flicked the gadget up; the window followed suit. "They really make these cars now," he laughed, amused by his visitor's slack-jawed expression of wonder. At any moment the latter expected to hear the car speak and perhaps say: "Peter Helmuth, Peter Helmuth, what have I to do with you?"

And then as clear as anything he heard Kiyoshi's voice in his ear. It sounded very distant, however: *We must not let anything get between us, Brother.* He remembered how they had shaken hands on that. They had meant such things as national pride, inherited physical differences, customs, language and education: *Before God's throne we are all the same, stripped of all differences.* That was the way they wished to feel toward each other always. Now the word *anything* took on more significance; it meant also *no thing* with a special reference. He hurried to get out of this car, clutching his briefcase. Suddenly it had seemed to him as if this sleek, mechanical wonder was in fact a seductive siren separating him from Kiyoshi.

He had stepped into the unrelieved brightness of the noonday sun. The magnificence of the car was spotlighted by it. The rich three-tone lacquered body exuded a pagan lavishness. The artillery shell-like chrome protrusions of the heavy bumper captured the sun and reflected stabbing light into his sensitive eyes. *Like the gold teeth,* he thought and involuntarily closed his eyes against it. He bowed his head to evade it and moved instinctively into the shade of a young tree near by.

(Continued on page 41)

Drawing by Robert Regier

First Mennonite Church of Christian, Moundridge, Kansas, which P. P. Wedel served for forty-six years (1904-1950). This new building was dedicated in 1950.

A Minister's Reflections on His Vocation

I Would Do It Again

By P. P. WEDEL

FROM my early childhood there was within me the desire to become "a preacher." When people asked, "What are you going to be when you grow up?" the usual answer was, "a preacher." To many of my playmates and school companions it was known that this was my ambition. In our high school days the teacher once asked each pupil to write upon a piece of paper the occupation he or she planned to follow; my answer again was, "a preacher." My age at the time was fifteen.

I was born at Moundridge, Kansas, October 6, 1884, and lived there all my life with the exception of about two years, when my wife and I with our two children lived on the Bethel College campus, where our third child was born. During these two years I was a student at Bethel College but continued to serve my church every Sunday, missing only two Sundays.

My life was dedicated to the Lord in baptism on April 15, 1900, also becoming a member of the First Mennonite Church of Christian at Moundridge, Kansas at that time and continuing in its membership to this day. In the spring of this same year I was also graduated from the Moundridge Junior High School, being one of the eight members of the first class to graduate from this school. It seems that during the next two or three years my interest in becoming a minister of the gospel waned somewhat; but the Lord had ways to revive it.

In 1903 the pastor of our congregation, John C. Goering, requested that our church supply him with an assistant; his request was granted. In those years it was still customary in many Mennonite churches to choose their ministers from their membership, which was also the case in our congregation. Our church constitution provided that "pastors shall be called to their office by election and lot; that is, at an election to the ministry the lot is to decide which of the two brethren having the highest number of votes is to be considered elected." The date of the election was set for November 15, 1903.

Was it this that revived my interest? Or was it the fact that one day an uncle spoke to me asking, "Pete, would you not want to be a minister of the gospel?" I do not know; but somehow the spirit of God did work with me and in me, as daydreams occupied me day by day as I worked in the corn fields. Little did I anticipate that at the election even a single vote would be cast for me, but rather dreamt that in the more distant future it would be my lot to proclaim the truth of the gospel to a needy mankind. It came as a great surprise to me when the results of the election were read and my name was mentioned as one of the two having the highest number of votes. The two of us drew lots, and the words, "The Lord has called you," were on my lot, the other brother having drawn the blank lot.

P. P. Wedel when he was graduated from the Moundridge Junior High School. His class was the first graduating class.

Second church building of the First Mennonite Church of Christian, dedicated February 10, 1884.

It would be impossible to describe my feelings and misgivings. So many things seemed to say, "It cannot be, at least not yet." Just having passed my nineteenth birthday I felt too young to assume so important and responsible an office. My education was very deficient, even for those days; it therefore meant that further schooling must be sought; it also involved financial problems. Farming still appealed to me; should I not make that my life calling? An inferiority complex plagued me, and fear of inability to meet the responsibility of the gospel ministry and making a failure at it disturbed me.

Let it be said to the glory of Jesus Christ that he somehow has a way of overcoming obstacles, fear and misgivings. In January 1904 I entered Bethel College and was graduated from what was known as the Evangelistic Course in the spring of 1906, and returned to Bethel College in the fall of 1911 for two more years of study. In the meantime I began to preach as assistant pastor upon the request of the pastor, delivering my first sermon on April 4, 1904, and continuing to preach from the same pulpit for 46 years until the time of my retirement July 1, 1950. My ordination as a minister of the gospel took place on July 23, 1905, a little over a year after my first sermon; for I had requested that I might serve an apprenticeship before being ordained.

During all these years since then the Lord has led and helped wonderfully. The work has not been easy. Many and varied are a minister's duties. Much is expected of him. He encounters many problems, and the tasks are almost innumerable. He can be ever so conscientious and yet make mistakes. The greatest humiliations and regrets come from the mistakes I have made. Sometimes after preaching a sermon I wondered whether it would be possible for me to ever again face the congregation with another sermon. Perhaps this experience comes to most ministers of the gospel.

Let me assure you, however, that the rewards of a gospel minister far outweigh his difficulties and disheartening experiences. Just to be assured that the Lord

P. P. Wedel family showing from left to right, back row, Silas; father Wedel; Laura May, Mrs. Willis Voran; Mrs. Wedel; Erma, Mrs. Jacob J. Vogt; and Richard. Front row, Maryann, Mrs. Maurice Lawler; Delores, Mrs. Gordon Sawatzky; Esther, Mrs. Carroll Waltner; and Wilma, Mrs. Eli Stucky.

has called you is inspiring. To have the promise of the Lord that the preaching of the Word will not be in vain makes it eternally worthwhile. To have people come to you and thank you and assure you that you have been a blessing to them is a thrilling experience. During our years of service my wife and I have made many, many friends, and how blessed friendship is! It has also been our lot and privilege to spend much time and effort in Conference activities and to visit many of our churches and bring the message of the Word to them. How it thrills us to remember all these opportunities and to trust the Lord that by his grace we may have brought cheer, comfort, light and inspiration to many souls, and that we may have been a means in His hands to help souls find salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ. What greater reward could one desire?

I praise the Lord that he has helped wonderfully again and again. I praise him also that He has placed by my side a loving, devoted wife, whom He has endowed with a large measure of common sense, and who has stood by me so faithfully and sacrificially. On July 28, 1907, I was married to Emma Kaufman, a member of our congregation. She has been a great inspiration and help to me through all the years. Together we tried to serve the Lord faithfully. Our eight children, six daughters and two sons, have also brought much joy, encouragement and help to us in the gospel ministry.

Another rewarding experience that far outweighs the work and worry of our ministry is the fact that the First Mennonite Church of Christian has been such a loyal, helpful congregation during the forty-six years of our service. How much love and friendship and how many blessings its members bestowed upon us! For this too we praise him from Whom all blessings flow.

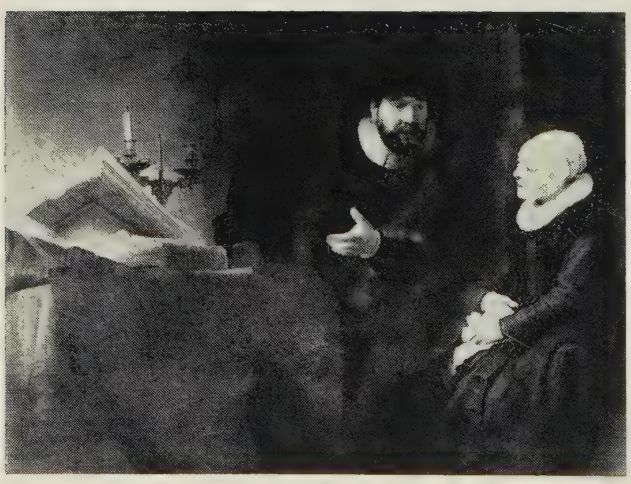
Do you ask, "Has it been worthwhile?" My answer is, "I would do it again." As I look back over my ministry my heart thrills at the wonderful way in which the Lord has led, helped, and blessed. He has never let me down despite all my shortcomings. My heart thrills at the privilege that has been mine to preach the glorious gospel of the all sufficient Saviour and thereby to have contributed, even though only in a small way, to the joy and salvation of others; it thrills at the assurance that my efforts though weak have not been in vain. Yes indeed, if I had it to do over, I would do it again. There is nothing I would rather do than serve God, our loving Father, and Jesus Christ his Son, our gracious Saviour, through the gospel ministry.

MENNONITES IN GOVERNMENT

(Continued from page 38)

in the state. He cannot escape it and must always reckon with it, but he sees it as provisional. But the Christian above all belongs to the Kingdom of God which is "ultimate" and eternal. Therefore, he can participate only to the extent that the state mirrors the ultimate, and when he sees the state reflecting values other than God's, he will exercise his judgment as to where and how far he must withdraw.

Rembrandt: Anslo and His Wife



The famous painter Rembrandt was in close contact with the Mennonites of Amsterdam. Among his friends was Cornelis Claesz Anslo, a minister of a Mennonite church of that city. He produced paintings and etchings of Anslo. Among his best known is "Anslo and His Wife." This painting is located in a Berlin museum and has just been reproduced in full color (5 colors) at a size of 52 x 43 cm (21 x 17 inches) and is available at the low price of $6.00 per copy through **Mennonite Life.** Also available framed in natural walnut.

This is an unusual opportunity to acquire an excellent reproduction of a classic painting by one of the greatest artists dealing with a Mennonite subject. It is fitting to be placed in homes, offices, libraries, educational wings of churches and in schools.

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From a College Art Studio

From time to time MENNONITE LIFE will bring to its readers examples of work by student artists, illustrators and photographers. Above we present two crayon drawings by Nancy Schroeder of Buhler, Kansas, a junior at Bethel College. Nancy has done illustrations for the Faith and Life Press (Newton) and MENNONITE LIFE (Oct., 1958, p. 190). Below we present reproductions of two oil paintings by Virgil Penner, also a junior at Bethel College. Virgil is a graduate of Newton High School where he won honors in art. In college he has designed stage sets and posters for promotional purposes. His art subjects deal primarily with rural life and athletic themes. Nancy and Virgil have both taken art courses in Bethel College under Miss Lena Waltner.

Passing Through the Iron Curtain Thirty Years Ago

Mennonites on the Move

By PETER FAST

THE year 1929 turned out to be a milestone in Mennonite history. As Mennonites had done before in other lands, when persecutions of a religious, political or economic nature forced them to do so, they once more pulled up stakes to leave behind them all that had been created and built up through more than a century of hard and tenacious work.

The period immediately following the end of World War I and lasting from about 1918 to 1921 was known as "War Communism" in the official annals of Communist history. This period was marked by civil war, violence, murder and wanton destruction of property, perpetrated by the criminal elements unleashed against defenseless citizens in order to beat them into submission and break their will to resist. Starvation and epidemics followed in its wake and the future seemed to promise nothing but despair.

This period of War Communism was officially terminated by the introduction of the N.E.P. (New Economic Policy). The currency was stabilized, which eliminated barter trading and encouraged saving. It was again permissible to employ hired labor in farming. All the land was nationalized. The standard size of a Mennonite farm had previously been 65 dessiatines—about 175 acres. Under the new law each family was now allotted either 43 or 86 acres, depending on the size of the family. Certain groups of people such as former owners of sizable estates, industrialists, merchants, as well as some others, were classified as "enemies of the people"—*Kulaks*—and were not entitled to any land. It was obvious that this new reduced acreage would be quite inadequate for maintaining a reasonably high standard of living unless new and more intensive methods of agriculture were introduced. It was for this reason that Mennonite farming methods in southern Russia underwent the same changes in the 1920's as agriculture in Denmark in the 1870's. Instead of marketing the product of our farms in the form of grain we began to produce butter and bacon for foreign markets. Cooperative creameries were organized and within a very few years our Grade A-1 butter was an important item on the English market. Initiative and hard work seemed once more to pay off and the great majority were deceived into believing that a reasonably bright future lay ahead.

It was not until 1928 that we began to realize the fact that this seemingly peaceful period of time was but a temporary respite between War Communism and a renewed campaign of ruthless terror. One of the main objects of the newly instituted five-year-plan was the collectivization of farming—at any cost and with no restraint. Since intensive propaganda failed to produce the desired results, new and more forceful methods were resorted to by the Soviet government. The grain quotas imposed on individual (none-collectivized) farmers for delivery by a specified dead-line date, more often than not exceeded the total yield of a year's crop. Failure to deliver meant confiscation of all property and in addition exile to a sub-artic concentration camp. One way out (though only temporary) was to sell the purebred highly productive dairy cattle to the government operated slaughterhouses at ridiculously low prices, then purchase grain on the so-called "free market" and deliver it to the government storage bins for about one-tenth of the price it had been purchased for. Thus, by force of circumstances, morale and will to work were again deteriorating rapidly, because the absence of an incentive renders any form of work senseless.

During the latter half of 1929 the great trek to Moscow began. People would sell their belongings at public auction sales and then leave, not knowing whether there was any chance of successfully leaving the country. But with nothing to lose and everything to gain there was but one choice. Soon auction sales were declared unlawful and detachments of mounted police were patrolling the countryside to disperse any crowds. In desperation whole groups of families fled secretly by night, leaving all they owned, including their home, stock and implements, to anyone who cared to take possession.

Among the roughly fifteen thousand potential emigrants gathered in the suburbs of Moscow were Mennonites, Lutherans, Catholics, even some Greek Orthodox Russians from far away Siberia. Some of them had been in Moscow for several months. Their resources depleted, they were undernourished and poorly clad and with winter approaching the outlook was bleak.

They immediately organized into groups of about five-six hundred persons and began taking the steps considered necessary in order to obtain passports, visas

Refugees are served warm meal at a station and sing spontaneously NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT upon arrival in Riga.

German representative, Dr. Stive, welcomes Mennonite refugees in Riga. Refugees wait with baggage, ready to leave Riga.

and transportation. To the application for passports we got the reply that it would be pointless to issue passports unless we could show proof of permission to enter some foreign country. This, of course, was correct. Then the German government came to the rescue. We were to be admitted into Germany so that from there negotiations with North and South American countries could be carried on regarding possibilities for settlements. At this point there seemed to be no legitimate reason for not being able to obtain passports.

In the meantime numerous propaganda meetings were held and glib talkers did their best to convince us that our best move would be to return home with free transportation assured. Needless to say, these tactics utterly

The heads of the families of villages number 10 and 11 to be established in the Chaco, Paraguay, before their departure in Germany.

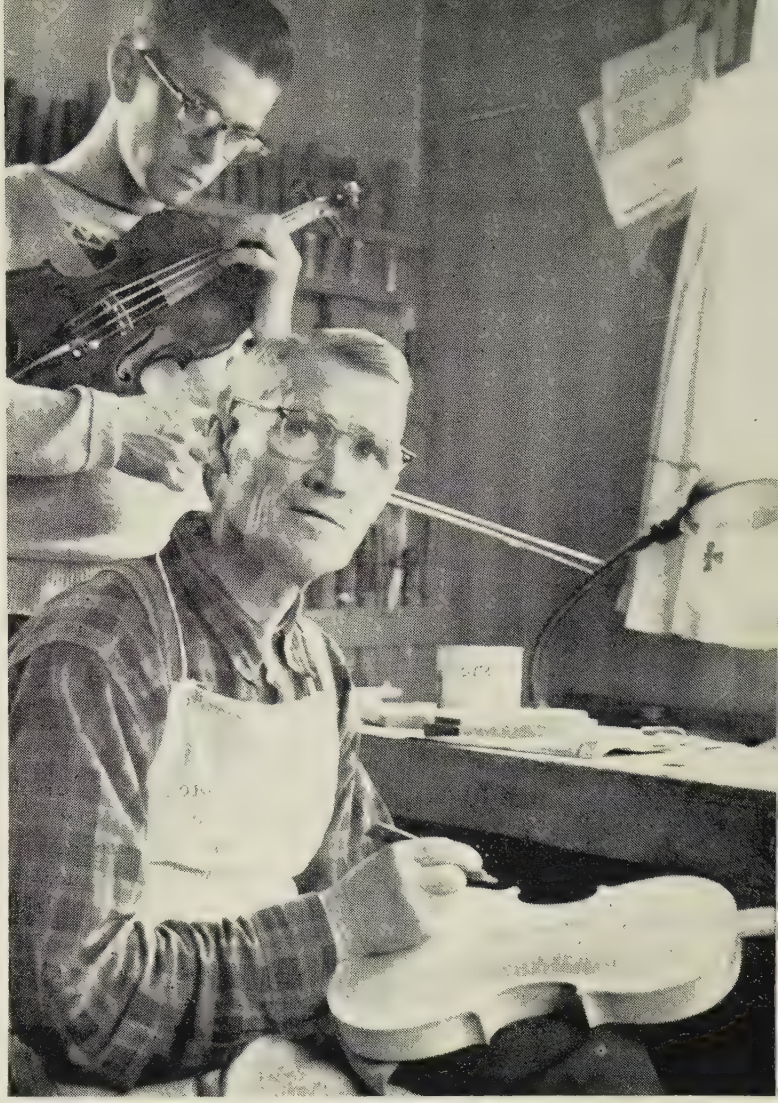
failed to convince anyone. At this point terror tactics went into play again. During the hours of daylight everything was serene. But after nightfall fleets of trucks accompanied by armed police would scan the suburbs, seize whole families, force them into cattle cars, seal the doors and send them off to unknown destinations. They worked fast and furiously. Well over half of those seeking exit from slavery were forced to remain behind the Iron Curtain. Finally, early in December, special trains began rolling, taking us westward—toward freedom. Repeatedly the trains were stopped, passengers were removed never to be seen again, families were separated, the nervous tension was approaching the breaking point—once more the train came to a halt. We looked out of the window—there were Latvian border officials, we looked back—there was the gate through which we had just passed, the gate that led to freedom. There were tears in our eyes and there was but one thought—let us thank the Almighty God—we are going to live again.

(Top) Camp Hammerstein, Germany, where a great number of children died of epidemics and after effects of the long journey. (Left) Upon their arrival in Paraguay, they are taken to their new homes in the Chaco which they are to build. Some of the refugees found a new home in Brazil, while others came to Canada where the beginning was not as difficult.

The Musician's Debt to the Craftsman

Music in the Making

By CHRISTENA DUERKSEN



Heinrich Friesen, the violin builder, at work in British Columbia.

"MUSIC in logs?" I exclaimed incredulously. "What do you mean?"

Our host laughed as he replied, "We were out in the woods getting our winter's supply of firewood. I was sawing the felled birch saplings into four-foot lengths. My wife, who had been helping by piling them up, grew tired and sat down near a stack to rest. Idly she tapped on the ends of the thin logs with a hatchet. Next she began to tap them methodically. Then she became excited and called me to come and listen. Glad for an excuse to rest, I came to her and was surprised to hear the definitely musical tones the logs gave forth when tapped."

His wife continued, "There is music in wood. A violin maker who lives here in British Columbia felled some spruce trees for wood to use in his trade and people say that he chose his trees by laying his ear close to the trunk. He had told them that some were much more musical than others."

I pricked up my ears at the mention of a violin maker. I would like to visit him. When I learned that he lived in a village quite some distance away, the chance of seeing him seemed very remote.

Then one day, a week or so later, my husband and I found ourselves in the British Columbia village of Yarrow. I mentioned having heard about a violin maker living somewhere in that area.

"Fiddler Friesen?" said the minister with whom we were staying. "He lives right in this town. We will take you to see him. I am not at all sure that we will receive much of a welcome. But we can at least try."

Nestled at the foot of the mountain at the extreme outskirts of the village, we found the very simple home. There were two separate buildings, both small and unpretentious.

The minister's wife who was with us said, "I suppose his wife has separate quarters so that she does not have to listen to the squeakings of the violin all day long."

I thought to myself that another reason for two separate buildings might be to keep little hands out of things not meant for them.

A youthful woman came out to say something to a three-year old playing in the dust. In answer to our inquiry, she pointed to the door that led to the smaller house. Our friend went in and soon returned with permission for the four of us to come in.

Ushered into the workshop, we found little more than standing room. Finished violins, broken violins and violins and violas in the making were all about.

Before us stood a man of medium height, indifferently—even shabbily—dressed in stained and rumpled clothing. His eyes were blue and clear and bright. His hands were workworn and not too clean. A soiled bandaid on one finger told where some sharp instrument had slipped.

When he learned that we had come to see him because we wanted to know about violin making, he warmed to his subject.

"There is much more to a violin than a shiny surface. But that is all some people see," he said.

Picking up a cheap violin someone had brought to be glued, he continued, "Now this instrument! No amount of glue can give it a tone." He almost shuddered as he ran his hand over the inferior shell of the instrument.

From a shelf he took the beginnings of what would some day be a viola. He pointed out to us what exactness was required, what minute shaving of wood to make the inner form fit into the outer rim. He pointed out the carefully placed supports, the inner sounding-board. Again he took up the cheap violin and showed us how it lacked in sustaining supports and in exactness.

"My violins take a long time to make. There are principles of exactness, minute measurements and tonal standards that must be followed if one would have a real instrument," was his comment as he reached for a small drawer in the case before him. It was filled with tiny tools, small planes only two or three inches in length with blades one half to one inch in width. These, he said, he used to shave the wood of the violins to the proper thickness.

"Eye measure is not enough," he said. "See this instrument? If my violin top has been properly prepared, I can pass this over it and you can see how smoothly the needle moves forward. Now look what happens as I pass this over that other violin top." The needle waggled to and fro erratically. With a shrug he laid the offending instrument aside.

From another box he brought out tiny, hollow glass tubes about as thick as the lead of an ordinary pencil. Taking one in his hand he said, "To determine the tone my hands must be very clean. As I place this glass tube upright on the surface of the violin and rub the tube up and down between thumb and forefinger, I can hear a faint note which tells me whether the tone of the sounding-boards is right. It takes much practice and a keen ear to sense this."

Picking up a rather nice looking violin, he played a few bars of music. "This is one of the better commercial instruments but it does not have the depth of tone that it should have," was his comment.

Going into a small room that opened off his workshop, he returned with an instrument carefully wrapped in some soft material. He took the cover off and lovingly put the instrument into position. As he played, even my untrained ear caught the difference. Played loud or soft, the tones were clear and true.

He rubbed his hands over the violin that he, himself, had made. "It is not as beautiful to look at as that one but it has the tone."

"What sort of varnish do you use?" was our question.

"I make my varnish out of little particles that look like tear drops. They come from a certain tree in Africa. I dissolve them in a proper base and my violins receive many applications of this before they are ready. That is why my violins do not crack," he said proudly.

"The wood I use comes from Germany. The wood I have cut down here in Canada is not ready yet. It needs to be seasoned for at least ten years."

"How long does it take to build a violin?" I asked and his reply surprised me.

"I made five in two years." he said. "People do not understand all that is involved nor how many times the tone test has to be made. For instance, if the face of the violin near the bridge gives out an "A" string vibration on both sides, it is not right. For in that case, the "A" string would sound out of proportion when the instrument is being played. If this happens, then there has to be more shaving and filing of the wood until the tone rings true."

Picking up the violin again, he said, "When I make the tone test with those little glass tubes I showed you, then the wood on the right side of the bridge must vibrate to the "A" string, the left side to the "D" string, the upper part near the neck to "E" and down here you must have the "G" tone It takes much time to make a good violin. People who do not understand have called me lazy."

"But where did you learn to make these instruments?" I asked, for I could see that he had not determined all those intricate things by himself.

"In Moscow in the Institute of Music. We received very good instruction there before the evil days came." was his reply.

Looking around his small domain, he said, "When I was in a concentration camp there in Russia, I never dreamed that it would be my good fortune to ever have a home again. And now I have all this! God has been good to me."

A shadow passed over his face. "Those years!! Whenever official visitors came to see our camp, then we who could work with musical instruments, were lined up to demonstrate how well we were taken care of! Woe unto us if our smile was not broad enough. But that is past."

We realized that we had taken much of his time but I had a last question, "How much do you get for one violin?"

"That one I showed you before, I have already sold for $500. But I am keeping the instrument here a little longer to make sure there is no flaw."

He pointed to a certificate of award which he had received in a hobby show. Reaching up to a shelf, he took down a portrait of a musician to whom he had sold an instrument. The German inscription read something about "the world will yet find its way to your door for you are a true artist."

It was easy to see that money alone was not sufficient remuneration for such work. There must also be the recognition of a task well done and the satisfaction of an honest product.

The interview was finished, for our friend's interest was turning back to the work he had left for a bit. We thanked him and went thoughtfully out.

A Visit to Poland and Danzig

Only Memory and Monuments

By PETER J. DYCK

IN the center of a lonely farmyard in Schönsee, today called Sosnovka, near the Vistula River in Poland is a black marble monument with the inscription:

"To the honor of our fathers,
as an example to our descendants,"
(Unsern Vorvätern zur Ehre,
Unsern Nachkommen zum Vorbild.)

The Polish farmhouse once was a Mennonite church and the inscription tells of East and West Prussian Mennonites contributing to Friederich Wilhelm III, the sum of 30,000 Talers because of "hard times." Little did they know in 1806 that the day would come when in still harder times their descendants would either be killed or driven from the country, their churches destroyed and nothing remain of a once flourishing culture except inscriptions on crumbled tombstones and broken monuments.

Unhappy History of Poland

There is probably no other country of Europe with a more unhappy history than Poland. Although in 1960 Poland will celebrate its millennium, for political reasons curiously linked with the first baptism in the country, it has seldom been a nation without occupying powers, divisions, and wars.

During the reign of Leszek VI in 1287 the country was defeated in battle by the barbaric Tatars who captured 21,000 Polish young women and girls and took them into slavery. In 1499 during the reign of Johann Albrecht I, the Turks and the Tatars returned to pillage, plunder and kill. So great was the chaos, poverty, and plague that followed that even the Turks in the country died along with many thousands of Poles before they could return home.

One of the few happy periods of peace and upbuilding came with the second half of the 15th and the first half of the 16th centuries during the reign of Siegesmund I and II. It was a time of economic, political and cultural development. It was the time when the Renaissance and the Reformation came to Poland.

Unfortunately the 17th Century undid what was gained in happier times and once again invasion from the outside and bitter persecution of the Protestants from within, ravaged the country. The years of 1655-1656 when Sweden invaded Poland are recorded in her tearful history as the years of "the deluge." More wars and invasions followed. Some 800,000 Poles were taken into exile. Two million people lost their lives in a short time. In 1672 in the midst of these utterly ruinous conditions, King Kazimir renounced the throne and went into a French monastery. In 1795 Russia, Prussia and Austria carved up Poland and divided it among themselves. During the subsequent hundred years, until 1918, there was virtually no Poland left. At least not on the map.

During all these tragic centuries and in spite of invasions by Turks, Tatars, and Austrians, by Swedes, Russians and Prussians, the longing to be a nation of its own lived on in the hearts of the Polish people albeit sometimes submerged and smoldering. It is not surprising, therefore, that the great composer Chopin, born in Zelazowa Wola near Warsaw, and writing after the Napoleonic occupation of his country, wrote such music as he did. Robert Schumann describes Chopin's compositions as "cannons hidden in flowers."

But in spite of an exceedingly unhappy history, Poland has given to the world and shared with all mankind not only Chopin with his immortal music but also Copernicus and his scientific achievements, including the discovery that the world is round, and the Nobel Prize winner, Madame Curie, with her healing benefits to millions through the discovery of radium.

Religious Life

A story is told in Poland that illustrates the difference between Russia and Poland. According to this anecdote, you may say anything you like in Russia against Poland but nothing against the Russian government, but in Poland you may say nothing against Russia but anything you like against the Polish government. The bloodless October revolution of 1956 which brought Gomulka to power is one of the most frequent points of reference in political and religious discussions. One person in a restaurant summed up a lengthy conversation by saying, "Before October 1956 we would not have sat around this table discussing freely as we now do!" All present heartily agreed. Seemingly without the slightest concern over consequences, one person said, "Our faces are not turned to Moscow." But that does not mean that they are turned to the West either. The Polish people want to be Poles. They want to be left alone. They want to be a nation.

A rebuilt street in the city of Danzig, showing how pre-war architectural pattern is being followed.

I was surprised at the extent of the religious freedom which prevails in Poland today. The British and Foreign Bible Society in Warsaw sells about 50,000 Bibles and New Testaments annually. The Bibles are mostly imported but New Testaments are printed in Poland. The prices seemed entirely reasonable and within reach of the common man. Interestingly enough 80 per cent of the customers are Catholic although it is well-known that this is a Protestant Bible Society and that the Catholic Church has its own Bible and Religious Supply House. Of the 28 million Poles only five per cent are Protestant.

A great work is being undertaken in the new translation of the Bible. Four professors have been working tirelessly for the past six years translating the Bible from the original Hebrew and Greek into the current vernacular. This will be the first such translation in Poland in 300 years. The last time the Bible was translated was in the year 1632. The new Bible is expected to be ready by 1960.

At first sight the visitor to Poland may get the impression that the people are very religious. This is confirmed upon closer observation. Women on a streetcar make the sign of a cross because they happen to be passing a church. Men pull off their caps and kneel before icons and holy pictures. When our plane started off for Krakow, the woman in the seat beside me crossed herself.

In a railroad restaurant at Graudenz at the stroke of midnight I was surprised to hear one of our familiar stateside Gospel programs over the radio. The people listened and seemed to enjoy it as long as there was gospel singing, but as soon as the message began, unfortunately in English, the people resumed their conversations. A few minutes later the radio was turned off.

The Mennonite radio messages in the Russian language from Winnipeg are, however, understood and much appreciated. One pastor told me that he and his family listen regularly every Friday at 7:30 a.m. and that he also announces it in his congregation urging his members to listen, too.

At the Ministry of Religious Affairs, I discovered that twenty-two different denominations are registered in Poland, including the Mormons. Mennonites are not among the twenty-two for the simple reason that there are none left in the country.

Poland is still the "most Catholic country in Europe" and Gomulka's truce with the Roman Catholic Church is an uneasy one. During the time of my visit the struggle for supremacy between church and state became apparent in a clash over the religious education in schools. The constitution of Poland proclaims the separation of church and state. According to laws passed and agreements reached in 1950 and 1956, the children of elementary school age, 4,500,000 this year, may receive religious instruction daily at government expense in the public schools if the parents wish it. Cardinal Stefan Wyszynski, Primate of Poland, says that the major complaint of the church is that the state is refusing to allow 2,300 monks and nuns who do not have educational degrees, to teach in the schools. The Communist government counters that it has no intention of meddling in the religious affairs of the church. However, it accuses the church of using pressures to force non-believing parents to send their children to religious education classes.

Economic Life

Although people have enough to eat in Poland, they are, on the whole, poor. Meat is served at most once or twice a week. "What about chicken?" I inquired, in one of the homes. "Chicken?" echoed the whole family in surprise, and father explained that the old Polish saying of eating chicken on two occasions only, when the master is sick and when the chicken is sick, unfortunately is still true.

There is great need, especially for clothing, shoes, and medical supplies. The cause of Poland's poverty is at least twofold: the ravages of war from which it has not yet recovered, and the expulsion of millions of people of minority groups. It stands to reason that though there may be certain political advantages, the leaving of thousands of Ukrainians has left the country bereft of much farming skill. With the expulsion or flight of some eight million Germans, whatever the political advantages, it has lost much of its technical and managerial strength. The new buildings in the cities and towns are drab and dull. The one exception is the Palace of Culture in the heart of Warsaw, a gift from Stalin. In a few old cities, notably Danzig, great efforts are being made to rebuild along former lines. Not only are houses built from the ground up exact duplicates of those destroyed in the war, but in one instance I observed stone masons at work rebuilding a medieval wall and city gate.

Two organizations, CARE and Church World Service, are doing relief work in Poland, but in both instances their hands seem to be tied pretty much by the govern-

ment. One church agency recently attempted to set up its relief program in Poland but with its own representative in the country. This was not granted. Our own program will probably consist of packages of clothing, shoes and bedding mailed directly to individual needy families.

Between visits to Mennonite cemeteries and Baptist church services I managed to look in on a number of former Mennonite farms. One would hardly believe that these farms once were being managed and cared for by people whom Catherine the Great invited to settle in Russia because they were "model farmers." Although all the land has again been brought under cultivation agriculturally, the country lags far behind many western countries and even its own meager industrial and other developments. In a booklet called *Facts and Figures,* published by the Polish Chamber of Commerce this year, the section "Technical Advance in Farming" begins with the sobering statement, "Until not long ago. . . . Poland belonged to that group of European countries having the lowest of agricultural technique." There is very little mechanized farming even today and one gets the impression that farmers are still peasants.

One person humorously tried to point up an advantage in this lag by saying that when the West, and especially America with its atomic and hydrogen bombs, blows itself up, Poland which has none of these technological "advances" will still have another hundred years to live because it is far behind. Life on the farms and in the small towns and villages seems indeed very much the same today as it must have been a hundred years ago.

I was surprised, however, to learn that about 70 per cent of the land in use is at present still private property and only about 12 per cent is state-operated, while the rest is farmed collectively through co-operative enterprises. It is not surprising to discover that the former Mennonite farms in Poland are today almost exclusively either "kolkhozes" or "sovkhozes." The reason is quite obvious. People who were uprooted from the land that today belongs to Russia and brought to these farms are easily organized into the "sovkhoz" and "kolkhoz" systems, whereas people who have not been uprooted but had the fortune to stay on their own land, continue today much as they did hundreds of years ago, farming their private little patch and eking out a meager existence.

Baptist Church Centennial

For the 2,500 Baptist church members and its 32 ministers, the year 1958 has been no ordinary year. A large sign on the front of the Baptist chapel in Warsaw announced that this was the centennial of the Baptist Church in Poland. In colored letters and brightly illuminated the sign read:

1858 - 1958
100
L A T
Baptysci w Polsce

The beginning of Baptists actually goes back to the year 1658. At that time they were called Polish Brethren. However, because of severe persecution, they did not stay in the country.

The historic day for the Polish Baptists is November 28, 1958, when the first nine persons were baptized on confession of their faith. The following day, seventeen more were baptized. The cradle of Baptist activity is Adamov, ten miles north of Warsaw.

Within ten years of its founding the church numbered about a thousand baptized members. It is of interest to note that most of the original converts were gained from the German Lutherans and the Mennonites. Only thirty to forty persons in those early years left the Roman Catholic Church to become Baptists.

The Jubilee was celebrated in Warsaw with many Baptists from abroad attending, including Theodore F. Adams of the United States, President of the Baptist World Alliance. After this great event, individual congregations scattered throughout the country continued the centennial celebrations in their own chapels. It was my privilege to attend a number of these festive occasions and to participate in them. Kircun, President of the Polish Christian Baptist Church, official name of the Church, and Odlyzko, Treasurer, who studied together

Candidates for baptism of the Polish Christian Baptist Church and Pastor Kircun pointing out site of Baptist chapel and seminary in Warsaw.

The former Mennonite Church in Danzig, now used by the United Evangelical Church, the group which sponsored its reconstruction.

(Below) Interior of the former Mennonite Church of Danzig now used by United Evangelical Church.

with the editor of *Mennonite Life,* as well as many other Baptist ministers and lay people, received me royally and made me feel very much at home among them.

Before the war there were two Baptist churches in Warsaw, but today there is only one chapel in an apartment house. Plans have been finalized and government approval granted for the building of a new church and seminary in the nation's capital. The seminary will also house the library, church offices, and provide apartments for faculty members. Plans call for an early 1959 start on the $70,000 plant, which will be financed about 90 per cent from outside capital, mostly American, and is to be completed within two or three years.

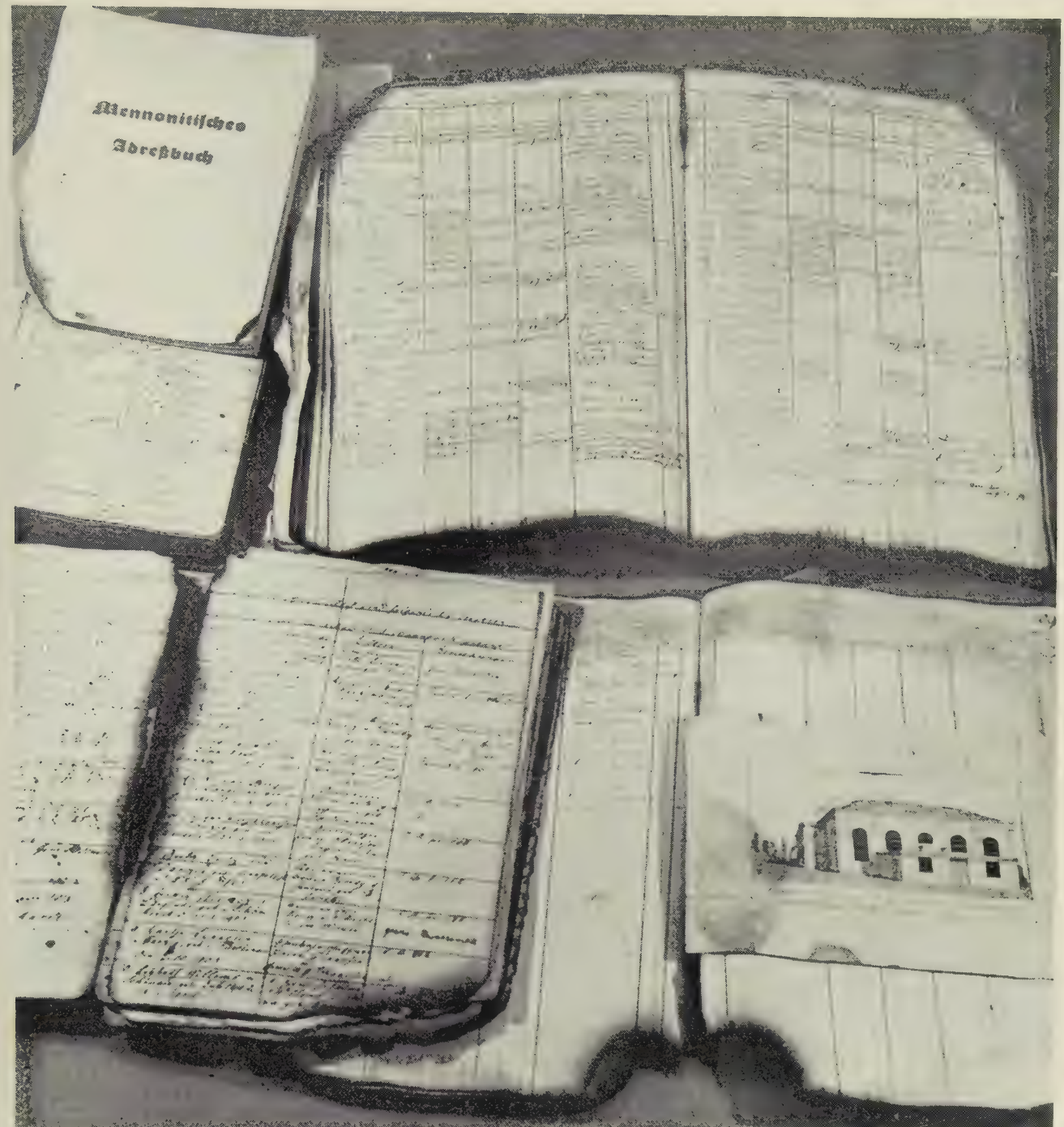
During my brief visit of two weeks I had the opportunity to attend a most impressive sunrise baptismal service, a communion service, preach ten times and meet many of the Baptist young people.

Visit to Danzig (Gdansk)

At the Ministry of Religious Affairs in Warsaw where we received a hearty welcome, one of the first questions was, "Have you been to Gdansk and have you visited Mennonite Street No. 2?" A few days later I was there not too much surprised to find the name of the street misspelled to read "Menolitow" but greatly surprised to find the church so beautifully reconstructed. A red plaque outside on the corner of the church announces that it is a historic building and as such is to be protected. In the central office of the United Evangelical Church in Warsaw—a union of five groups including Plymouth Brethren and the Assemblies of God—the old records, deeds, and pictures of this Mennonite church have been assembled into one volume, something like the picture albums in grandfather's day, with the following inscription on the first page:

> "The Municipal Reconstructor of Architectural Relics stated that the reconstruction of the church at Gdansk, Mennonit Street two, would be right to do, because it is a valued architectural rarity in our country."

Why this inscription is in English and not in Polish or German as one might expect, I do not know. The Polish Government gave a considerable sum of money toward the reconstruction of this "architectural rarity in our country," and the World Council of Churches (Geneva)



Church records of the former Danzig Mennonite Church now in custody of the Bethel College Historical Library were rescued from destruction in the Danzig Mennonite Church by American Mennonite boys after World War II when they took horses and cattle to Poland. Note the burned edges of the books.

contributed $2,370, not because it is a "rarity," of course, but because it is a church.

On June 29, 1958, the former Mennonite church was duly dedicated as a United Evangelical Church. Members of the congregation confessed that at the time of the dedication last June, they had the feeling that something was missing. The Mennonites were not represented. They send greetings to Mennonites everywhere and especially to those of the former Danzig congregation and say, "Now we are comforted. A Mennonite representative has come to us, he has spoken in the restored church and he takes Christian greetings back to the Mennonites."

Twice I had the privilege of preaching in this church

Worship and church items from West Prussian Mennonite Congregations at Bethel College Historical Library. In the background communion ware and candle holders from the communion table. Little boxes contain the church records of the various congregations on microfilm. The open book on the left next to the mircofilm boxes is the oldest Danzig church record written partly in the Dutch language.

to a very receptive, though small, audience. I was led to base one of my messages on I Corinthians 3:11-15, "For no other foundation can any one lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any one builds on the foundation with gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble—each man's work will become manifest. . . ."

Before the church was ready for dedication, the little fellowship of the United Evangelical Church had a considerable struggle. At one time the church was about to be converted into a movie house. Another time a furniture manufacturer nearly succeeded in buying it and turning it into a furniture shop. Each time the United Evangelical Church fought a valiant battle to save it. "Progress Reports" appear from time to time in the church's official paper.

It is stated that the "children of God" twice started to rebuild the Mennonite church of Danzig. In 1947 the church, including the parsonage, was made avail-

able to them by the authorities. In 1948 the reconstruction of the church, which was 75 per cent destroyed, was started. The walls had been erected, the roof put on, the floors were put in and the electricity was being led to the church. In 1950 when the work was interrupted, some opponents of the project took advantage of this situation and the church was ruined once again. Weather conditions aggravated the destruction. In 1955 the reconstruction began again and at last the dedication took place in 1958. The parsonage as well as the old people's home near the Danzig church are still standing, but are in sad condition. The cemetery is completely erased. The only trace of it is a few broken pieces of tombstones in one corner of a woods.

Only Memory and Monuments

The time has now come to tell the most difficult part of this "story." But it must be told. It must be recorded that the flourishing Mennonite communities, begun in 1547 by Dutch Mennonite settlers along the Vistula River in West Prussia and Danzig have come to an abrupt end. They have been wiped off the map. They are no more.

In rented cars I set out from various railroad centers to visit all the former Mennonite churches in the Danzig and West Prussian area. It was by no means easy to find the places because the German people are gone and the former German names of towns and villages have all been changed, mostly beyond recognition. Although I had an excellent map it became exceedingly difficult to locate the former Mennonite places because the new residents only knew the new names—and I knew only the old ones. Thus, for example, we were inquiring in a little town by the name of Zulavki for the former Mennonite Fürstenwerder. Who would guess that Stogi today was the former Mennonite Heubuden? History has never seen such a shift of population as that in Europe in modern times. Some eight million Germans were moved out and more than five million Poles were moved in from the East. This, coupled with the fact that the Polish people do not care to remember former "intruders," accounts for the difficulty.

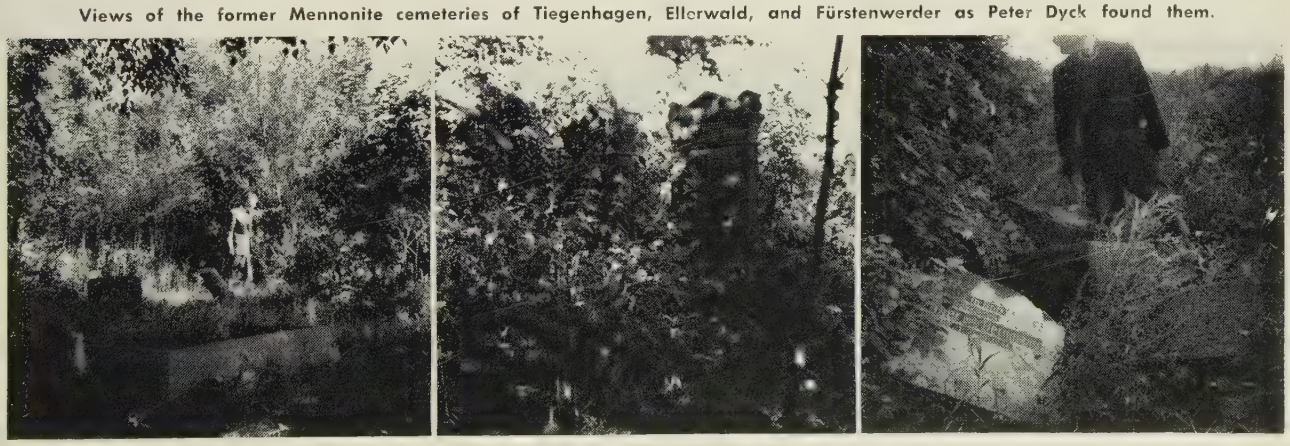
We soon discovered, however, that even though the

A corner of the former Mennonite cemetery, Danzig.

people with very few exceptions do not speak German, and though the names of the communities have been changed, and no one seems to know anything about Mennonites—in spite of the fact that many of them live on their land and in their houses—they do know where the *Cmentarz Menonitov* (Mennonite cemeteries) are. Having learned this one fact, I soon found myself going about the country inquiring at every turn of the road for the *Cmentarz Menonitov*. Though in time I managed to pronounce the two words correctly, I am afraid I never did succeed in asking for this bit of information casually, as a tourist might ask. Never before had I been on such a strange and sad visit to Mennonite cemeteries. But in many cases, it was the only sure way of identifying the former Mennonite community and church.

Seven of the former Mennonite churches have completely disappeared. Tiegenhagen (Cyganka), Orlofferfelde (Orlovo), Ladekopp (Luzieszevo), Gruppe (Grupa), Ellerwald (Wikarovo), Heubuden (Stogi) and Pordenau no longer exist today. They are gone and in most cases one can at best find traces of the foundation on which the stately churches once were erected. Two of

Views of the former Mennonite cemeteries of Tiegenhagen, Ellerwald, and Fürstenwerder as Peter Dyck found them.



Former Mennonite church, Thiensdorf, now used as a granary, and former Mennonite church in Elbing, now used as Polish National church.

the churches, Marienburg (Malbork), and Tragheimerweide (Barcice), are still standing but empty and unused. With roofs in bad state of repair and windows gone, it is only a matter of time when they will collapse or, as I heard mention, be broken down and carted away. Three of the churches are being used by the Roman Catholic Church. They are Elbing (Elblag), Pr. Rosengart (Rozgart) and Montau (Montavy). Two of them, Thiensdorf (Jezioro) and Fürstenwerder (Zulavi) are being used as granaries. The church at Schönsee (Sosnovka) today serves as living quarters for a peasant family and also as shed for feed.

With the exception of Danzig, where the cemetery has been razed, the conditions of the cemeteries in each case is much the same. Weeds, shrubs, and small saplings have grown up to a height of ten to twenty feet and many of the tombstones have toppled over or have been carted away. It was a heart-breaking task to go from cemetery to cemetery, make notes and photograph the end of four hundred years of Mennonite life in Prussia and Danzig.

The inescapable conclusion of such a visit is that this is the end of a chapter. That does not mean, however, that it is the end of the story. At the very moment of this writing, a group of Danzig and West Prussian Mennonites is celebrating the tenth anniversary of life in Uruguay. Another group is likewise celebrating in Canada.

Former Mennonite church in Tragheimerweide, to be razed in near future and former Mennonite church in Pr. Rosengart now being used as a Roman Catholic Church.

City of Elbing seen from the former Mennonite church now used by the Polish Catholic Church (see preceding page).

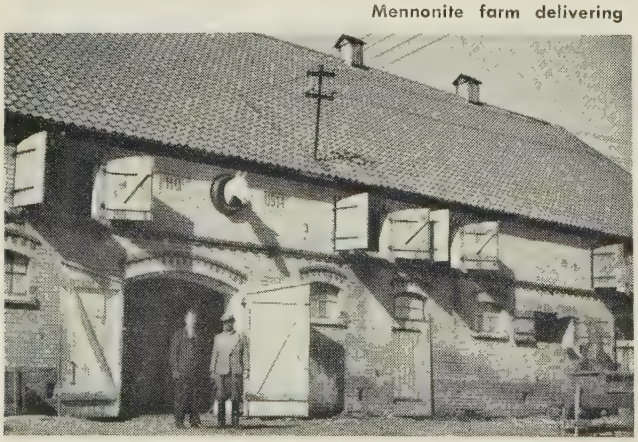
Muntau Mennonite cemetery overgrown by shrubs and weeds, typical of other cemeteries.

Former Mennonite church in Fürstenwerder now used as a granary and former Mennonite church in Marienburg, unused and in state of disrepair.

And yet it is the end too. Bringing the Bible and agricultural skill from Holland, our Mennonite pioneers had come to these parts only ten years after Menno Simons had left the Roman Catholic Church. They had come in search of religious freedom and they had come to drain the swamps and build flourishing communities. In the years, 1789 to 1820, a group of these sturdy settlers migrated again, this time to South Russia, and the steppes of the Ukraine. Again later, in the years 1874 to 1880, some left to sail across the great waters and pioneer once more on the prairies of Kansas and Nebraska. But always there were those who stayed behind and who carried on. Today they are all gone. I did not find a single Mennonite in these parts. And the churches are gone too. Only the memory and crumbling monuments are left.

Although we and especially the people involved, would like to know why all this had to happen, the secret will not be revealed. But one thing we can know now. There are times when individuals, families, and congregations can go no further, and then the only solution and way out is to begin over again. Thank God that there is, as the poet says, a "land of beginning again." As a child that has spoiled its page with ink blots rejoices because the father gives it a new page, so we rejoice because our heavenly Father gives us another clean page from the Book of Life without blots and blemishes and with no writing on it. To him be praise for another chance to do better. He also knows about the blots and blemishes on the pages of our history in the past. He knows how necessary it is sometimes to begin again. God in his infinite love, though he leads into the valley, gives the opportunity for a new beginning.

Farm of H. Quiring in Orlofferfelde, now used as collective farm (Peter Dyck and manager in barn door) and occupants of a former Mennonite farm delivering milk to creamery in Danzig.



" . . . If These Shall Hold Their Peace, the Stones Will Cry Out."

"Die Stillen im Lande"

By ROLAND R. GOERING

THE Mennonites for the past many decades have gained for themselves the reputation of being "die Stillen im Lande"—"The Quiet People of the Land." Now we don't quite know whether this is a complimentary label or whether it is not; whether it is an honor to be the bearers of such a name or whether it is a discredit to our church and to our cause. We are not quite sure whether it is a good thing to be "die Stillen im Lande" or whether it is bad. I once thought I knew the answer, but the more I think of it the less sure I am. There is something to be said on both sides of the picture. There is something to be said in favor of it and something to be said against it. There are some things that are good about being the quiet people of the land, and some things that are perhaps not so good. It is said that a child should be seen and not heard. Generally we would agree that this would be good; but if a child becomes too quiet for too long a time, he is rushed to the doctor for it is certainly assumed that the child is ailing. Now should Christianity be seen and not heard? There may be areas in Christianity that call for quietness and that is good; but if Christianity becomes too quiet for too long, can it be assumed that it is ailing? There are things to be said on both sides of the question.

A Compliment or . . .

On the one hand, did not Jesus live a quiet life? Did he not seek to avoid publicity and popularity and honor? Did he not often say unto the one whom he had healed, "See that you tell no man of this"? Did he not one day, when they were going to make him King, disappear from the crowd so that they could not find him? Jesus did not wish to become famous with worldly power, he did not wish to become popular by having his miracles made known. He went, with his disciples, to the other side of the lake into a desert place to avoid the masses. He withdrew himself in solitude into the mountains to pray. He took only three of his disciples into the Garden of Gethsemane.

Jesus lived a quiet life, yet at the same time He lived a life of great influence and power and service, and was at the same time, "The True Revelation of God the Father." This quiet life of poise and power and influence and service has since been the ideal for many of his followers. It is not necessarily true that quietness means that one cannot be influential, or helpful, or that he cannot be a witness for his God. Charles Hanson Towne has written:

"I need not shout my faith. Thrice eloquent
Are quiet trees and the green listening sod;
Hushed are the stars, whose power is never spent
The hills are mute; yet how they speak of God!"

Or Edna Becker has written:

"Stars lie broken on a lake
Whenever passing breezes make
the wavelets leap;
But when the lake is still, the sky
Gives moon and stars that they may lie
On that calm deep.

If, like the lake that has the boon
Of cradling the little moon
Above the hill,
I want the Infinite to be
Reflected undisturbed in me,
I must be still."

Therefore we can see that there is much to be said in favor of remaining the still and quiet people in the land.

But on the other hand, can we always be still? Can we be still? Can we be still when races are discriminated against and schools are closed against them in our land, and restaurants refuse to allow them a place at the table to eat? Can we be still when gambling is at an all time high; when consumption of distilled liquors is making new records; when juvenile delinquency is growing at an alarming rate; and this nation, which in the days of the Puritans was founded "In the Name of God," is now found to be in a great moral relapse? Can we be still when atomic tests cause dangerous radioactive fall-out which can encircle the globe and cause defects in the human race for generations to come? Can we be still when the nations are engaged in a mad armament race? Frederick Brown Harris may have spoken well when he said; "Will some angel flying through the vault of heaven look down upon the blackened cinders that was our earth, and say 'Here once dwelt a race of men and women made in the image of God, but they rebelled against His divine law and used the forces given them for their own extinction"? Unless we provide adequate spiritual power to match the physical powers we have, Winston Churchill may be proved to have spoken correctly when he said: "The Stone age may return on the gleaming wings of science." Someone has said that we are standing at the crossroads, but another has said, "No, there are

no crossroads at an abyss." Therefore the question is: "Can we be still?"

There are things to be said on both sides of the picture —things in favor of being the "Quiet People in the Land" and things in favor of speaking loudly and letting our voice be heard. Maybe the author of the Book of Ecclesiastes is right. I am quite sure that we do not agree with his entire list, but we do agree with some of it, when he says:

> "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted; a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance; a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing; a time to get and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away; a time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence and a time to speak; . . ." (Ecc. 3:1-7).

Perhaps there is a time to keep silent and a time to speak. Jesus said: "When thou doest thine alms, sound not a trumpet before thee," but he also said "No man lighteth a candle and putteth it under a bushel." Jesus said: "Enter into thy closet and pray unto thy Father in secret," but he also said: "What I tell you in the darkness speak in the light, and what ye hear in the ear proclaim upon the housetops." Isaiah, the prophet, charged his people not to remain silent but to speak out boldly: "O Zion, that bringest good tidings lift up thy voice with strength, lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the citites of Judah, Behold Your God" (Isa. 40:9).

Is It True or Wrong?

Now there is a second question of which we are not quite sure. The first question of which we were not quite sure was whether bearing the name of "die Stillen im Lande" was complimentary or derogatory, whether it was an honor or dishonor. Now the second question of which we are not quite sure is whether this name is just or whether it is a misnomer; whether we really are or ever have been the quiet people of the land; and, if we have been, whether we still are today. Are we "die Stillen im Lande"? There are several signs to indicate that we are:

The first sign is one of comparison. When we compare ourselves to other denominations or other faiths of the Christian Church we become quite convinced that we are. As an example we can take the story that has made front-page headlines recently. It was broadcast from every radio network, and pictured on almost every television screen in our land. It is the story of the illness, death, and burial of Pope Pius XII claimed, by the Catholic Church, to be the two hundred sixty-first successor of the Apostle Peter. From our radios we could follow the turn of events during his illness and from our television screens we could follow the procession, the pageantry, the last rites and the burial ceremonies in St. Peter's Basilica. Later we could follow the events leading up to the election and coronation of a new pope. When we compare ourselves to this, then we conclude that we are indeed "die Stillen im Lande."

A second sign, which is so vivid that no one can miss it, is the slow pace, or we might almost say the lack of growth in our church in numerical numbers within the past decades. We are "die Stillen im Lande."

If we are "die Stillen im Lande" what does it mean? What is good about it and what is bad? What should we maintain and what should we lose? There are some things that we should have maintained but have lost. There are other things that we should have lost but have maintained. Now what does it mean to be "die Stillen im Lande"? What did it mean in the past?

What to Lose and What to Maintain?

In the first place, it meant that they were the quiet, peace-loving people of the land—the people who desired to bring harm upon no one and in turn longed to be unmolested too; the people whose motto was to live and let live, to believe and let believe; the people who did not like arguments and quarrels and fights and who strenuously taught against court trials. Maybe these are some of the things we should have maintained but have lost.

An Anabaptist chronicler, after recording the death of 2173 brethren and sisters who gave their lives for the sake of the faith continues as follows:

> "They were sought by catchpools and dogs, hunted and were taken down like birds. All were without guilt, without the least wicked deed, since they neither did nor desired to do any one of the least harm or injury." (John Horsch, *Mennonites in Europe,* p. 306).

For such a stand, of course, these Anabaptists had the teaching of Holy Scriptures as a basis. The Apostle Paul writes:

> "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay saith the Lord. . . . Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good" (Romans 12).

A German writer speaks of the Anabaptists in the following words:

> "A sturdy strong race, true-hearted, peace-loving, conscientious and benevolent, beloved by all their neighbors, Catholics and Protestants alike. They live a life of such patriarchal simplicity that one cannot help loving them. Among them are found no drunkards, no gamblers, no loafers, no liars, no jealous neighbours. If perchance strife should arise among them it is amicably settled by their elder. Their temperate, moderate habits assure them good health and long lives. Their conduct seems to be

prompted by the one thought—Keep God continuously before your eyes." (C. Henry Smith, *The Story of the Mennonites,* 1957, p. 152).

If this is what it means to be "die Stillen im Lande," then we should not loose it for this is good.

Secondly, what did it mean to be "die Stillen im Lande"? It meant that they were the non-complaining people of the land—the people who bore their suffering patiently, faced their persecution without complaint, and went to their death quietly. Historians generally agree that the persecution and martyrdom of these Anabaptists was more severe than was the persecution and martyrdom of Christians at the hands of the pagan Roman emperors in the early Apostolic days. These quiet people suffered and died by the hundreds, thus bearing witness for God's boundless love, who had sent his only Begotten Son not to destroy men's lives but to save them. Leonhard Schiemer, an Anabaptist minister who suffered martyrdom on January 14, 1528, in Tyrol describes it in these beautiful words:

Thine holy place they have destroyed,
Thine altars overthrown,
And reaching forth their bloody hands,
Have foully slain thine own.
And we alone, thy little flock,
The few who still remain,
Are exiles wandering through the land
In sorrow and in pain.

We are, alas, like scattered sheep,
The shepherd not in sight,
Each far away from home and hearth,
And, like the birds of night,
That hide away in rocky clefts,
We have our rocky hold,
Yet, near at hand, as for the birds,
There waits the hunter bold.

We wander in the forests dark,
With dogs upon our track
And, like the captive silent lamb,
Men bring us, prisoners, back.
They point to us amid the throng,
And with their taunts offend;
And long to let the sharpened ax
On heretics descend.
(*Story,* p. 47).

For enduring this suffering patiently, they again had the teaching of Scriptures as a basis:

> "For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience sake toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it if when ye be buffeted for your faults ye shall take it patiently? But if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. For even hereunto were ye called because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow in his steps. Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth. Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, when he suffered he threatened not. But committed himself to Him that judgeth righteously." (1 Peter 2:19-23).

If this is what it means to be "die Stillen im Lande" then we should not lose it, for this is good.

Thirdly, what did it mean to be "die Stillen im Lande"? It meant that their faith was personal, sincere and deep but not displayed for show. It meant that they did not practice their religion or render their service to be seen of men. It meant that they were the humble people who avoided self-display in equipment, in living, and in dress. Simplicity, humility, and quietness go hand in hand. For this practice, they again had the teaching of Scriptures:

> "Take heed that ye do not your righteousness before men to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets. . . . And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men" (Matthew 6:1-5).

The Quiet People of the Land, that is: the truly quiet people of the land, have no desire or longing to do their righteousness before men to be seen of them. Their only desire is to live a life of uprightness in simplicity, walking humbly before their God. If this is what it means to be "die Stillen im Lande" then we should not lose it for this is good.

However, in the fourth place, to be "die Stillen im Lande" means something else. It means that we have lost the missionary zeal that our forefathers once possessed. Of the early Apostolic Church we read in the book of Acts that at that time there was a great persecution against the church which was at Jerusalem; and they were all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judea and Samaria, and they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word (Acts 8:1, 4). Now the same thing might truthfully be said of the early Anabaptists. Severe persecution spread them everywhere, and they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word. Sometimes a congregation was founded at a given place within a few hours after the arrival of an Anabaptist preacher.

> "Blaurock and others did not hesitate to disturb services in established churches in order to preach the Anabaptist doctrine to the assembled meeting. In Lower Bavaria in 1528 an artisan evangelized a fellow artisan in the very churchyard with such effective zeal that he prevailed on the brother not

to attend mass in the church, but to attend instead the meeting led by the Anabaptist preacher in a nearby barn." (*The Recovery of the Anabaptist Vision*, edited by Guy F. Hershberger, p. 237).

What has become of our missionary vision? To be "die Stillen im Lande" means that we have lost it.

Finally, to be "die Stillen im Lande" means that we will never set the world on fire. It means that it will never be said of us, as it was said of Paul and Silas in Thessalonica, "They that turn the world upside down have come hither also." It means that we will not bring about a great social and moral reform, or better the conditions in the world in which we live. It means that we will not bring about a great awakening to remind the people that we are standing at an abyss where there are no crossroads.

Therefore, we must give heed to the words of the Prophet: "O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain; O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God." Maybe we have been afraid too long. Maybe we have soft peddled our doctrines long enough. Maybe we have lacked courage to lift up our voice with strength and say unto the cities of the world, "Behold Our God."

There is a time to keep silence and a time to speak.

Are We Opening the Door

By G. S. STONEBACK

"One door and only one—
Yet its sides are two—
I'm on the inside:
On which side are you?"

FOR all too many years that chorus has epitomized more truly than we would like to admit the attitude of the average Mennonite.

By contrast I remind you of the story of the beloved bishop whose death was being lamented by some friends in the presence of the late bishop's servant. "Well, I suppose the good bishop is enjoying himself in heaven!" said one of the friends.

The servant, who had served in the bishop's house for many years, and who had caught the spirit of the bishop's life, disagreed with the bishop's friend, "No, I'm sure the good bishop is not in heaven. He's down in hell sure as you're born!"

Aghast at the thought, the friend argued, "But surely you don't think the bishop failed to get to heaven!"

The servant answered, "Oh, I'm sure he could have gone to heaven; but he'd never be able to enjoy it so long as there is a poor damned soul sweating it out in hell! He'd be down there trying to help!"

On the Inside

A look at the history of the Mennonites will suggest that we have fluctuated between these two positions throughout the four centuries of our existence. There was a time when it looked as though the Anabaptist movement would sweep the entire Reformation movement. Why? Because the Anabaptists, driven by a deep inner concern, were afire with zeal to win others to their cause. One of the prize historical possessions of the General Conference Mennonite Church is the table in the Germantown Mennonite Church where the Mennonites and Quakers signed the first protest against slavery in America. (See October, 1958, issue of *Mennonite Life.*) Long before anyone in America showed any concern for the freedom and dignity of the black man, the Mennonites opened the door and went out to help. On the other hand, the American Mennonites kept aloof from the Great Awakening that swept this country in the eighteenth century, and never entered into the modern missionary movement until the turn of the present century. During World War II, an army officer who worked closely with the Mennonites on matters related to Civilian Public Service expressed his appreciation for the fine way the Mennonites handled the situation, but expressed a deep truth about us when he suggested that we show deep concern when some principle of ours is at stake. The Friends have been busy for many years seeking to improve conditions for minorities and other unfortunate people. The Congregational Church has had an enlightened Social Action Committee. The Methodists have had their social concerns program with suggestions for action and literature for a goodly number of years. But the Mennonite pastor was urged to "stick to the Bible and leave social issues alone" —as though you could do that!

Help Outside

There are signs all about us that this is beginning to change. Mennonite evangelists bring huge tent campaigns to many people all over the country. Mennonite conferences are arranging study conferences on evangelism on the national and district level. The (Old) Men-

nonite Church has been doing a very significant work in home missions—even working with Negroes for quite a few years (as for example in Chicago and more recently in Wichita). The Mennonite Brethren have developed a number of pastors with special skill in getting churches started in cities (as in Denver and Topeka). The General Conference, after having neglected such natural centers for Mennonite churches as Ft. Wayne, Indiana, for years, is at last seeking a strategy and expansion in urban centers—Kansas City, Topeka, Denver, Oklahoma City, etc. The General Conference held in Winnipeg in 1956 passed a resolution urging the Board of Missions to consider the possibility of hiring a second executive secretary to be selected for his preparation and know-how in home mission and churches expansion strategy. The Western District of the General Conference Mennonite Church, in session in North Newton, October, 1958, gave the major portion of its resolutions committee report to humility, soul-searching, concern, and re-dedication to the cause that sent the early Anabaptists outside the door with souls afire. One-third of the resolutions committee report dealt with this and the undergirding for it:

> 3. We as a Conference are humbled by: a. The report of the statistician indicating a stabilization of our membership and a decrease in our financial support; b. The report of our Bethel College president indicating a calm indifference on the part of youths and parents in regard to the choice of attending our own schools; c. the report of the Farm Study conference indicating a considerable leakage of membership in the country and city.
>
> In the light of the above reports we recommend that the Executive Committee take positive steps in the following areas:
>
> a. Church Extension: Resolved that the Executive Committee and the Home Missions Committee be urged to give top priority to the work of church extension. We would further urge that the Executive Committee re-define the task of the District Field Secretary to give major attention to urban church extension and outreach, . . .
>
> b. Evangelism: Resolved that the local churches be charged to confront the unsaved in the local communities with the claims of Christ.
>
> c. Church Loyalty: Resolved that the Conference urge the local churches to make a deliberate effort to teach our children the eternal values imbedded in our abundant heritage, so that in their maturing years they will choose Christian training in our own schools, that they will remain loyal to the principles of the Mennonite Christian faith, throughout their lives no matter where their vocations may take them.
>
> d. Financial Support: Resolved that in view of the indifferent attitude reflected in our giving the past year, the Conference seriously charge the local congregations with the tremendous responsibility for the undergirding of the work that we have undertaken with our votes.

One of the newest Mennonite publications deals with this very renewal and with concern for outreach. It is called *Concern*. On its editorial board are men from several different Mennonite conferences.

Social Concern

In the area of social concerns, which the above-mentioned pamphlet series also treats, the Mennonites have been doing several significant things. The Mennonite Central Committee relief work and disaster work are well known to most of us and to a large section of the American population. But further than that we have refused to go for many years. Now, however, this also is changing. In September, 1957, the newly-appointed Social Concerns Committee of the General Conference Mennonite Church had its first meeting. It is a sub-committee of the Board of Christian Service. Already it is planning a study conference on Social Concerns and is in the process of publishing a pamphlet which is a careful study of, but an impassioned plea against the continued program of nuclear testing. In line with this General Conference committee, many of the district conferences have established social concerns committees. Some local congregations have also appointed social concerns committees.

In the same spirit, another third of the report of the Resolutions Committee of the Western District Conference previously quoted dealt with Social Concerns:

> e. Social Concerns: Remembering that our Lord Jesus gave as his reason for coming to earth as follows. "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly," and remembering the self-giving of our Mennonite forefathers in this cause, be it resolved that we give more concern to our witness to the love of God in the following areas:
>
> 1. That in addition to the conference action expressing to President Eisenhower our support of his program of stopping the testing of nuclear instruments of destruction, we urge each congregation in the Conference and all of our members individually to express to the President and other governmental officials this same support and concern.
>
> 2. That in view of the great problem of race relations confronting America and the world, and in view of the fine beginning made by our Southern tours to wrestle realistically and courageously with it, be is resolved that we take action to wit:
>
> a. That local congregations, individually, in groups, or by contributions to a Conference revolving interracial student fund, invite to and support at Bethel College worthy Negro students from the south, who have found it impossible to go to college, because of discrimination and lower economic status.
>
> b. That local congregations encourage any of their

members in any position of influence to consider the hiring of qualified Negro teachers in our local public schools.

These resolutions were adopted completely and unanimously. Nor are they purely visionary. As pointed out in the resolutions, several conferences have been sending delegations to the South to seek information and to express brotherly Christian concern. The General Conference Social Concerns Committee had previously communicated with President Eisenhower on the nuclear bomb tests question. Some local congregations have both communicated with the President and urged their members to do the same. One congregation last year supported a Negro student at Bethel College for all of two quarters and part of a third quarter. The student was able to take care of the balance of the third quarter and has been taking care of himself this year at Bethel College. This is not a wealthy congregation, but a very average congregation financially—one that not too many years ago was a mission church.

One door with two sides. Do you remember the prophet who decried the attitude of his people who were satisfied to recline comfortably on the ivory couches on the inside—with never a thought to the bleeding wounds of the nation? (Amos, chapter 6). I believe that the Mennonites, once busily working outside the door, are again getting uncomfortable on the couches on the inside. Praise the Lord!

What about your congregation? What about you? Are you opening the door?

A Discussion of an Issue of Concern to All Mennonites

Should Mennonites Participate in Government?

By HARLEY J. STUCKY

THERE is a story that a theologian once met the great German historian Leopold von Ranke and embraced him effusively. "Ah please," said Ranke, drawing himself away, "there is a great difference between us for you are first of all a Christian and I am first of all a Historian." The "first of all" of a man's life is most significant, and is, in my opinion, the most distinguishing feature of the Mennonites. More important than the usual list of distinguishing characteristics, which includes an emphasis on freedom of conscience, love and nonresistance, family solidarity, believer's baptism, rural and Germanic cultural heritage and so on, is this trait of approaching all issues from the point of view of Biblical theology and New Testament ethics. The "first of all" in this presentation is the quest to be a "conscientious Christian" and the problem of participation or nonparticipation is of secondary importance. This does not minimize the importance of participation, but rather relates it to that, which we as Christians, believe is primary and eternal.

The problem of participation in politics confronts the conscientious Christian with a sharp dilemma. But the Christian is not alone in this respect for even Plato (427-347 B. C.), one of the greatest political philosophers of all time, struggled with this issue. He wanted to have a political career but never felt that he could without compromising his moral principles and so he withdrew into the shell of non-participation. Politics and moral philosophy wouldn't mix for him, but the aspiration lived on and resulted in a volume called *The Republic.*

I. The Arguments Against Participation

Since the matter of participation in politics is a dilemma for a conscientious Christian, and since we have historically been on the side of nonparticipation, let me begin by listing the reasons for nonparticipation. As a Christian I cannot participate in politics, for the following reassons:

1. Politics tends to produce a corruption of people and standards. Not all politicians are corrupt, though it may still be true that the political process tends to produce corruption in persons and standards. The temptations of political life tend to produce a deterioration of personal ethics. Paul H. Douglas, in his book, *Ethics in Government* calls atttention to the pitfalls and temptations that beset public administrators and politicians. "Today the corruption of public officials by private interests takes a . . . subtle form . . . . When I once asked a policeman how some of his colleagues got started on the downward path, he replied, 'It generally began with a cigar.' " The public official or legislator must be extremely cautious in accepting gifts, invitations for lunch, or entertainment, and so on, lest that which appears on the surface to be pure friendship concludes by becoming purchase.

Unfortunately, corruption is universal, but the politician gets most of the blame. As Harold L. Ickes once remarked: "I have never known a public official to corrupt himself." For every bribe-taker, there is generally a bribe-giver. The public servant finds himself in that focal point of activity where his decisions are of crucial signficance and, therefore, private interests cannot afford to let him alone. But, someone replies, since when is a Christian afraid to expose himself to trial and temptation? If even he falters, who then can stand? His principles may preclude the possibility of his re-election, but that's not in

his hands anyway!! Too often the people who slip into politics are the opportunists, the peripheral Christians, that is, the spiritually "fuzzy minded," and other rather unsavory characters, whereas politics seems to need, according to what we have just said, the best minds and the most deeply-rooted Christians. The political process requires the politician to co-ordinate, mollify pressure groups, and conciliate divergent and hostile interests. The politician can't lay down moral platitudes, he must reconcile geographic differences, variations in tradition, instinct, imagination, and preiudice. Reconciliation requires compromise, but how can Mennonites with absolute objectives and rigid ethical concepts compromise?

Imagine a public servant trying to secure the adoption of a given piece of desirable legislation. To secure its passage, he will need the support of many individuals and groups, with their own particular views and ends. To secure their support, he must reciprocate. In the vortex of political currents and cross currents and all the winds of personal interest that bear upon his particular legislative program, there will be modifications, alterations, eliminations and revisions, so as to make it palatable. All this requires compromise, but how dare a Christian with preconceived absolute objectives, principles and ethics accept a watered-down-version, or engage in the horse-trading of the political market place to sell his particular idea? For the absolutist, this process with its complete or partial emasculation of the original objective, and the subterfuge required, is an admission that politics is corrupting and its ethics degrading. This then is the dilemma: the world is crying for men of Christian faith, zeal, and principle to enter politics, but the political process militates against absolutists!! It is only when the masses are looking for the absolutist's objectives that he climbs the political stairway like a shooting star!

2. Successful politics seems to require the use of techniques that are foreign to the Christian. In the very process of getting elected the politician must engage in self-adulation, which stands in sharp contrast with the Christian's supposed spiritual humility. Successful politics also seems to require the use of patronage, influence, mud-slinging, and other forms of questionable conduct.

3. Because politics is power and power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely. Some would argue that the struggle for power constitutes the very essence of politics. Politics is the effort of "each human being or group to induce, persuade, or compel other human beings to do his will." There is an ever present temptation for the dominant group to become totalitarian and to wish, above everything else, to perpetuate its own influence and power. In the struggle to maintain its position of supremacy it does not hesitate to use all of the weapons of propaganda, ridicule, censorship, patronage, and outright persecution. Neither the church nor individual Christians have managed to escape this law.

4. Because government is organized power and hence the authority of office is used, often by necessity, to coerce conscience. Government is a means to an end, a service institution, but it is also an agency of power. Every zoning ordinance, code of building requirements, traffic regulation, dog tax, or what have you, that is, every municipal ordinance, county statute, or legislative act of the state or national government, or administrative decree, though ultimately resting on approval or disapproval of the masses, represents governmental compulsion upon that minority adversely affected. Government, whether it be a local municipality, a large metropolitan area, or the state or national government, is an instrument in the hands of those momentarily in power to impose their will upon all society. A citizen may be ever so reluctant to give up his property for a school district or a highway or for some other reason, but by the power of eminent domain the property is appropriated against his will, though it may be for the welfare of the community. With most Christians, this is not a sufficient reason to abstain from participation, but with Mennonites it has a peculiar importance, because to some, it seems to contradict and violate the principle of love and nonresistance. Government is coercion, and love is anything, so it seems, but coercion. Governmental coercion which does not permanently injure or destroy human beings or abuse the integrity of its citizens may still be acceptable.

5. It is nobler and more basic to mold a positive and constructive environment, than to participate in politics, for the politician must in the last analysis operate within the moral framework of his people. As Abraham Lincoln said: "With public sentiment nothing can fail, without it nothing can succeed." As an active participant in the church, in the various community activities, such as 4-H, Boy Scouts, Parent-Teachers Association, Farm Bureau, Chamber of Commerce, service clubs, and so on, an individual may be making a more significant contribution to the social order, than would similar or even more energy devoted exclusively to political matters, because one is creating the ideals and objectives which are often beyond politics, but which it must ultimately recognize.

6. The Christian is called upon to do a more basic task to proclaim the Gospel and to help to establish God's kingdom. The state is material, "provisional," to borrow Oscar Cullman's language, transitory, whereas God's work and God's kingdom is ultimate and eternal. The Christian is the promoter of the most significant cause on earth and the custodian of the greatest ideas that have ever possessed the human mind — ideas of God, love, reconciliation, truth, justice, mercy, equality, brotherhood and so on. No man who is really wrapped up in the great program of the Christian faith has any occasion to be apologetic for nonparticipation in lesser programs.

Moreover, Christians are admonished by the Scriptures to keep their spiritual focus and to apply their total energies with single-hearted devotion to this great cause. "Paul . . . called to be an apostle, separated unto the gospel of God," Romans 1:1. "Be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your

mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God," Romans 12:2. "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness," II Cor. 6:14.

We have said that a Christian should not participate in politics because politics tends to produce a corruption of people and standards, it requires the use of objectionable methods, authority or dominion has a corrosive effect, government is coercion, the energies devoted to participation in community activities may be more significant, and finally, because the Christian has a full-time occupation promoting his Christian faith.

II. Reasons for Participation

The proposition, however, of participation or nonparticipartion is a dilemma, and the arguments in favor of participation seem to be as weighty as those against. We have examined one side of the case, now let us recite the other side. The arguments in favor of participation run as follows:

1. If Christians really absent themselves from politics it leaves a moral vacuum. If sincere Christians leave "dirty politics" alone or neglect any other "dirty" area of social living, it will sooner or later become completely corrupt. But why worry about that? Isn't the Christian to abstain from sin and thus leave it to its own misery? Why should one follow a brand of logic that if applied to other areas would suggest that the Christian ought to become a gambler, bootlegger, and cattle rustler so as to maintain some nobility in those professions? Such might be the reasoning of the absolutist. Some of you will smile at this and make a sharp differentiation because you assume, as most people do, that political participation is desirable. Hence the conclusion, that the old . . . hackneyed cliches, such as, "You can't be a real Christian and also a politician," or "Church and politics don't mix," has obscured the duty of Christians to give leadership to important political and social issues and has encouraged acquiescence to social and political debasement. As Plato says: "The penalty that good men pay for not being interested in politics is to be governed by people worse than themselves."

Those who take this position argue that the basic evil of the cliche that "Church and politics don't mix" is that it compartmentalizes life and says: "This is the sphere of economics. That is the sphere of politics. Over here, is the sphere of religion." God, however, is over all, and therefore the Church must permeate and transfigure all areas of society. In fact, the Church's function, in the twentieth century, is to permeate and transform society so that it may increasingly reflect the divine will for truth, love, and justice among men. It is no longer a question of the church interfering or meddling in politics, but rather, as William Temple, declared, "The Church is bound to 'interfere' because it is by vocation the agent of God's purpose, outside the scope of which no human interest of activity can fall." Or as William Penn put it, "True godliness does not take men out of the world but enables them to live better in it and excites their endeavors to mend it."

It must be emphasized, however, that it is not the business of the churches to identify themselves with a particular political program or a particular political party. As has been said: "A preacher must be able to say with the King of England, 'I would have you understand that no political party has me in its pocket.' " This means that the Church must everywhere relate the actions of its members to the divine will of God for truth, justice, and brotherhood, in the midst of the everyday political exigencies. But it is also precisely at this point that the Church has been ineffectual in permeating our political order because it cannot and dare not translate these general concepts into a specific "this is it." Moreover, the Church must speak to the political and social issues without becoming involved in the political process. As Walter Rauschenbusch, the great prophet of social righteousness, advised: "The best time to preach on political questions is before they have become political questions; before they have become partisan matters . . . The Christian Church has the duty of treating questions before the world treats them."

2. If politics is corrupt, then it is time that we "Christians" roll up our sleeves and get right into the middle of the so-called mess of dirty politics and show the world how righteous political actions can become a way of elevating Christ. Politics today is like a foreign land that must be "missionized for Christ," by the Christian "missionaries" who are unafraid and undeterred by the hazards and trials involved. With the increasing service role of our government and its more crucial role in world affairs, the necessity of relating the Christian faith to the political process is more urgent than ever.

Again and again we hear voices among Mennonites that politics is in the hands of corrupt, decrepit, ineffectual and debased scoundrels and that it is high time that we step in and "clean up" the mess. The house cleaning argument is usually accompanied with the suggestion that we, as Mennonites, have isolated ourselves and hid our light in our sheltered rural communities, and have been "standoffish" far too long.

This claim may contain an element of self-righteousness, because it is premised on the assumption that the Mennonite is unique and that his ideals are above those currently prevailing in the political arena. But the crusader who comes down from his spiritual mountain and goes into the world, will find that in time his assimilation is so complete that he feels, thinks, and acts like those around him, and hence loses the reason for his crusading ardor. If this analysis is correct then "the Christian must always be in the world, but not of the world" which means that there must always be a measure of "aloofness," of isolation and uniqueness. Harry Emerson Fosdick once advised: "Accommodate yourself to the prevailing culture, but stand out from it and against it." You can't challenge the social

order unless you stand out from it and against it. It is only by being different and unique that Mennonites can bring something to politics and in as far as they lose that "uniqueness" they will lose the genius that they may have to offer the political world.

The politician will need the support of the home base because as he enters the political process and is given political responsibility he develops a "stake-in-society" and becomes the defender of the social order because it is part and parcel of his own creation. Because of his immersion in the political process the reformer is no longer in a clear position to challenge it, but his critical evaluation of the entire process does tend to keep him on his good behavior. Even so, there is an end to the crusading reformer, for if he manages to survive assimilation through social identification or political responsibility, he will probably die of exhaustion. Without a solid home base the crusading ardor tends to burn itself out and leave in its wake a heap of ashes, consisting of disillusionment, cynicism, and despair.

3. To build a Christian environment is good, but we need positive Christian leadership. The Old Testament illustrates this point again and again by suggesting that the king's good or bad behavior was mirrored by the people. If the king set a good example then the people responded to God and to righteousness and if he practiced evil the people did likewise. I Kings 12:23-32, for example, tells how Jeroboam set up two calves of gold, one at Bethel and one at Dan and said to the people, "Behold thy gods" and the people worshipped them. Not only the Western world, but also the Oriental world, particularly Confucianism, recognized that good leadership and a good example is emulated by an entire nation, and base behavior in high places results in base behavior in low places. The leader's ability, because of his strategic location to move the social order in one direction or another, is so obvious that I need not labor the point any further.

4. Since we accept the benefits of the political order, particularly in the area of public welfare, we owe our communities and our nation a measure of responsibility and some leadership. While it is true that government is an agency of coercion, it is also true that a major portion of the energies of our collective political effort are devoted to activities of public welfare. In the complex society of the twentieth century the government is concerned with commerce, industry, agriculture, transportation and communication, natural resources, housing, wages, job opportunities, economic and social security, research, and a million and one other things. Therefore, only the recluse will want to deprive himself of the world of economic and social activity in which our government is engaged, to say nothing of the political activity.

5. The Christian is charged with the responsibility of preaching redemption, not only for the individual, but for the body politic. As Christians we have the responsibility to redeem lost souls, therefore we have churches, mission stations, preachers, missionaries, teachers, and so on, all for the purpose of helping people find their way to God. While it is good to redeem and reclaim individuals, it is also desirable to correct social deficiencies.

6. Christianity supplies a spirit of humility, an ethical concern and humanitarianism that is needed in government. The Christian is interested in people for the sake of people and for the sake of the Kingdom. If the Church people do not surpass the state in their sensitivity to injustice and human need, and in their willingness to extend mercy and to apply justice, then there is something wrong. Our government has noted again and again that on the international scene the activities of the private church agencies, such as the Mennonite Central Committee, the Brethren Service Committee, the relief program of the Friends and the Church Rural Overseas Program, has won for us the endearing friendship of countless numbers of people, whereas the relief programs administered by the government, in which millions upon millions have been given, have often resulted in bitterness and resentment. Why the difference? The answer lies in Christian motivation which means that the objectives are different, and the personnel is different. Christians believe in compassion, and hence are more responsive to human need.

7. The Christian needs to participate in politics because ours is a democracy, and hence, we are a part of the government, unless we abdicate. Democracy suggests that our communities are what we make them and that our political institutions are but the means of achieving our ideals in our communities. If I want a steady job, a decent home, good schools, safe streets, a substantial return for my tax dollar, world peace, and disarmament, I must take an active interest in the complicated world of local and national affairs and I must strive to realize my objectives. In a democracy politics is the business of the citizenry. This means that I, as one of the citizens, must assume some responsibility for the social and political order, and assuming responsibility means, among other things, "holding office." Holding office is an expression of confidence by fellow citizens, or as Grover Cleveland said: "Public office is a trust."

Democracy owes much to Christianity—so much, that our democracy would be unthinkable apart from Christian values and Christian leadership. Christianity has given us the basis of our moral and legal codes in the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, our respect for human life and the sacredness of individual personality, it has influenced our concepts of brotherhood, justice, equality, and liberty, for no man who is free to speak directly to God can ever submit to any human authoritarianism.

In summarizing the arguments in favor of participation we find that if Christians absent themselves that a moral vacuum is left, that political corruption should challenge Christians to roll up their sleeves, that the

world needs positive Christian leadership, that as a people we covet or expect our government to carry on many so-called welfare activities, that as Christians we must preach and practice social as well as individual redemption, that as Christians we have the peculiar motivation and personality traits that are most helpful in government, and that last, but not least, we cannot escape participation because we are part of the political community in a democracy.

III. Conclusions

For the Christian, then, the issue of participation in the political order is a dilemma—there are two alternatives and the arguments on each side seem equally conclusive. If this is true, then we cannot castigate those Christians who enter the political arena, or those who stay out, as long as they do so conscientiously, and as long as they remember that their primary obligation is to be Christian. Our conclusions on this dilemma might be summarized as follows:

1. Participation in the political order is a perplexing problem, on which there is no unanimous agreement, and upon which the range of opinion is from those who abstain to those whose participation is limited only by their own capacity.

2. The political arena confronts people with a maze of subtle temptations and political pressures unknown to the average citizen, and the political process "tends" to compromise ends and means, so that it is extremely difficult, but not impossible, for the Christian to maintain his primary concerns. In view of this, perhaps the Christian Church ought only encourage its most dedicated laymen to enter the political portals.

3. This produces for the Christian the necessity of recognizing that there is a point of "withdrawal" from the political order—a line of demarkation which the Christian refuses to cross. The Christian cannot, in a secular world, participate in everything and maintain his Christianity. Each Christian is responsible to determine his own point of "withdrawal" in the light of the pressures and temptations that bear upon him, and in the light of his own Christian faith.

In view of the above conclusions we might well ask what is our duty to the state as Christians? In answering this question we might use the following words; appreciation, limitation, obligation and participation. As Christians we owe appreciation for the beautiful lands which God has given us—"beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain, for purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain." If we will use these resources rightly there will be enough food, shelter, and work for us all, and enough to spare for war torn lands and destitute people abroad. Secondly, we owe appreciation for the people of this land, for the fact that our nation has been a "melting pot" and this bringing together of many people has made ours a rich culture and has given us a chance to practice brotherhood. Thirdly, we owe appreciation for the high ideals upon which our country was founded and for which it stands today. We need to recognize that many of them have not yet been reached and that we need to strive for their complete realization.

As Christians we must say frankly that our obedience to the state and its authority is limited by the claims of a prior loyalty—that of absolute obedience to God. To hold that the state, any state including our own, has an absolute claim upon its subjects is to accept a fascist totalitarian idea.

We need a brand of patriotism that is less concerned with pride and boasting, and more concerned with an intelligent and active devotion. We as Christians must pray for our country and its leaders. As Paul advises in 1 Tim. 2:1-2, "I entreat you to offer supplications, prayers, intercessions, and thanksgivings for all men, for kings and all who are in positions of leadership." Even in times of persecution the Christian can pray for vision, and the courage needed for its realization. We must know our country—Christianity must not become a mask for ignorance of the affairs of the community and of the state. A Christian citizen must familiarize himself with America's basic documents, its political ideals, and the mechanics of the democratic process, including parliamentary procedure. He must be interested, concerned, positive in approach, and discretionary in his judgments. Finally, the Christian citizen is obligated to respect and obey those rules and regulations which do not violate his conscience, even if they are somewhat annoying. Law is the political community's attempt to discover and appropriate truth, and therefore should be respected, but it would be a denial of the ultimate objective and of progress to assume that our politicians and statesmen have been completely successful in this venture. Recognition of this fact led Henry David Thoreau to declare: "It is not desirable to cultivate respect for law, so much as for the right."

The Christian citizen should assume such responsibility as is not inconsistent with his faith in God and in Jesus Christ, his Lord and Saviour. The Christian citizen may participate in the following steps, or abstain in accordance with his conscience. The political stairway has the following rungs on it: Serving the government as an employee in some function of public welfare; exercising the right of the franchise by voting; assuming local political responsibility on a nonpartisan level, such as serving on the school board, township board, city commission; participation in the primaries; active participation in a political party, by contributing, campaigning, serving as a precinct captain; to "allow" yourself to be drafted for some significant state or federal political position; to actively campaign for a legislative or executive office.

Christian participation is a dilemma, and therefore, it is difficult to determine the amount of desirable political participation on the part of the Christian, partly because of the nature of the political process, and partly because the Christian has primary allegiance. The Christian lives

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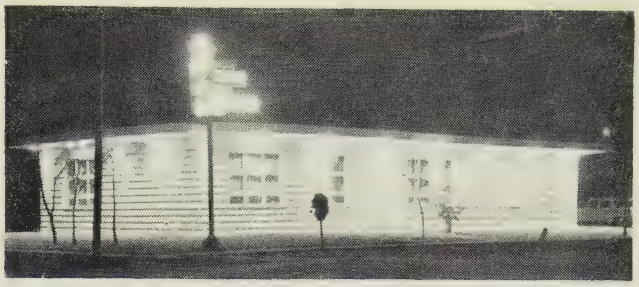
Radio As it Should Be

By FRANK H. EPP



Mennonite Radio Station CFAM at Altona, Manitoba, Canada.

"YOUR station reminds me of an island gem set in a noisy sea of rock 'n roll, give-away programs and what have you." This is a typical listener reaction to the 5,000 watt Radio Sation CFAM, Altona, Manitoba, on the air since March 13, 1957.

Located in the heart of the Manitoba Mennonite settlement—Manitoba Mennonites number over 50,000—CFAM's listening audience has included most of these, but it has also won a wide listening audience beyond these borders. The programming is firmly rooted in Mennonite religious, cultural, and economic idealism. Says President W. E. Kroeker, "The extent to which non-Mennonite people have taken to our type of programming has been beyond expectations and extremely gratifying."

It began because a number of leading community leaders in Manitoba were increasingly disturbed by the fact that radio broadcasting was not meeting the needs of many listeners. The rock 'n roll era precipitated the concern which has become quite general and had already expressed itself in discussions about another radio station in a number of smalier groups of businessmen and church leaders.

In the winter of 1956 active promotion of the idea was begun. Among the guiding principles drawn up in the formative stage were those dealing with organization and administration which should reflect inter-church co-operation and freedom from all political and economic ties; with programming calling for the best in musical, educational, religious, and cultural broadcasting which would also encourage live talent; with advertising controlled by the board and in harmony with basic ideals of the station.

The Executive board of CFAM met the CBC board of governors in October of 1956. The license was readily granted. Factors contributing to the granting of the license included the presentation of a comprehensive brief, support of government leaders, and the proposed economic and educational contribution to a large rural Manitoba area. The Mennonite educational and economic record in Manitoba also spoke in favor of the license.

Studios were built in Altona, a village of less than 2,000 population just seven miles north of the international boundary, with transmitters two miles south of Altona, a strategic location for maximum coverage of rural and urban Manitoba. Members of the board are W. E. Kroeker, D. K. Friesen, Peter Brown, D. Schultz,

Walter Kroeker, Peter Brown, David Schulz, and D. K. Friesen, board members of Southern Manitoba Broadcast Company.

One of the children's radio activities directed by "Tante Esther" Horch (right) of the CFAM Altona, Manitoba.

D. Bueckert, J. M. Froese, C. C. Neufeld, and D. A. Fehr.

One of the challenges which faced the station from the outset was to pioneer in a type of programming for which few had experience or training. How can any programming of maximum content have listening appeal to an audience with only a minimum preparation for such maximum communication? The original policy decisions were reviewed and accepted. "We want our listeners to listen to us for our program content and not for the one-in-one million dollar chance to win a prize and for that chance, endure the abominations of rock 'n roll," says President Kroeker.

CFAM's daily program schedule now includes such musical fare as Familiar Classics, Memories of Vienna, Concert Hall, Luncheon Hour, Choral Spotlight, and the regular Monday to Friday, two-hour Evening Concert. Sons of the Nations, the Nocturne Hour every night, Opera and Oratorio Library on Saturday afternoons, and an all-classical request program on Sunday afternoons are other favorites. The music policy has paid off. The number of grateful listeners is constantly growing. Shareholders also believe it will pay off financially. Until now the station has been operating in the red.

Undoubtedly, CFAM's musical library of nearly 10,000 hi-fidelity recordings are a most significant cultural and educational factor in the response of listeners. Gratifying to CFAM's music director, Ben Horch, has been the growing response of teen-agers. He does not share the opinion of rock 'n roll stations that that is what young people really want.

Among the daily features of special interest to women are Ladies' First, by production manager Dennis Barkman, Social Calendar and Cradle Roll. Mrs. Esther Horch directs Homemaker's Chat and Afternoon at Home. Mrs. Horch also directs the daily popular Children's Party, which includes a variety of educational fare and entertainment for the children. Children's Party reaches a climax on Saturday morning, when a class from one of the area schools performs live in the CFAM's studios.

CFAM sponsored religious broadcasts include Church News, The Story of Our Hymns, a daily Four Minutes-a-Day meditation, Sunday morning church broadcast, usually live from one of the area churches, including Mennonites, Baptist, Lutheran, and United, and Best Loved Hymns and Hymn Dedications. Many church organizations purchase time on the station. Religious broadcasts on purchased time now include one and one-half hours daily with about eight hours on Sunday. These include English, German, Low German, and Russian broadcasts.

The challenge has only begun and the battle is not nearly won. The problem of communication, truly Christian communication, is complex and its solution does not come easy. It certainly involves more than 5,000 watts and good announcers. In Christian communication the first concern is substance of message and content. The second concern is means of communication. The need for a real Christian philosophy of communication also reflects in many religious programs. "Why must they be inferior to your other programming?" many listeners ask.

Radio station CFAM has honestly faced the challenge of integrating economic, cultural, and religious goals in one of the mass media of communication. As an experiment in Christian communication it is to be commended. "No one force," said a religious broadcaster, "will shape the future of southcentral Manitoba culture and everyday living in the next ten years as will CFAM."

(Continued from page 9)

"Sun is really pouring down," he heard Jonas Stolzfuss say.

Then he looked up again, blinking to get rid of the spots in his eyes occasioned by the reflected brightness. They were both facing the house now. His host was caressing it with his eyes, expecting some remark of appreciation.

"Quite a house," Peter Helmuth obliged.

The praise of his house was dear to Jonas Stolzfuss. His chest above his rotund middle began to approximate the latter in girth. It did not quite accomplish this, but the satisfaction in his voice made up the difference: "Yes, and it's all mine. Don't owe a cent on it. Why just last week I had Red Grundman, that's our local real estate man, come over and make an appraisal of the whole farm as it stands."

"Oh, are you intending to sell the place?"

"Sell it? Why bless your heart, no. This place has been in the hands of my family for almost a hundred years. I just wanted to know what it was worth. Sam said it could easily bring a hundred thousand. That's quite a difference from the time my grandfather came over from the old country and started here in a sod house. Yes, we have all made progress. How surprised the old folks would be if they could see some of the farms now that they used to own."

Jonas Stolzfuss raised his upper lip, and this time the exposed gold affected Peter Helmuth more painfully than had the sunlit chrome a moment before, because the hurt was in his heart. They now moved side by side up the short winding walk that led to the front door.

Progress, thought Peter Helmuth, *why should I feel so estranged because of progress? What's wrong about living better than your ancestors? Didn't my parents live better than my grandparents? The American scene is a graphic example of what material progress can mean for a whole nation in terms of physical comfort, health, and the potential of doing good. I cannot deny that my country freely shares of its surpluses with the underprivileged nations. I have seen examples of its largeness in the Orient. My own church has been able to increase its mission effort tremendously because of this well-being at home. My presence in Japan relies on it. Yet, I cannot escape the feeling that side by side with this potential for doing good there also stalks a sinister force whose face I have already seen here and there among us and whose presence I feel constantly. I must admire this tremendously hardworking generation that is producing so much more than ever before. But what are we doing it for? These fantastic mountains of surplus food and goods we are creating, won't they eventually cave in and smother their creators? After all, a man can use just so much in a life's span, and bread is of no value once the stomach is full. Life is more than food and clothing and interesting gadgets. I admire my people's industry for material advantages, but do they have the spiritual stature to support its dead weight? Yes, I must admire this tireless energy addressed to cushioning the individual from the shocks of life, that seeks to guarantee him security from everything but death, and even removes that as far as possible. But I don't want to be identified with it; it is illusory, deceptive, dangerous.*

O Hanako and Kiyoshi, you would agree with me; you would understand, but these, my people, have already felt the blinding breath of this deception. How can I alert them to their danger? They are being threatened by an octopus that is able to strangle their Christian vitality.

The two men had ascended the steps to the landing. Jonas Stolzfuss was turning the brass knob of the front door. Now he pushed the door open. He let his guest precede him into the large living room. A rush of cooled air embraced them. The brightness of the outdoors was in sharp contrast to the semi-gloom Peter Helmuth had stepped into, a kind of yellowish twilight originating at the large picture window where the sunlight was filtering through the plastic drapes.

A youth of about seventeen years sat there in a deep red leather armchair; his back was toward the light; his attitude expressed indolent ease. He was reading the comic section of the Sunday edition. The boy did not seem to be aware of the arrival of his father with the dinner guest. At least, he made no move to acknowledge their presence. In a distant corner of a room on a lower level, something like a movie screen flickered. Peter Helmuth could see no one there, but repeatedly, out of the low jumble of words that apparently emanated from a radio speaker, he distinguished the words: *Chesterfield, Chesterfield.*

"Dinner ready?" The host's ample voice went searching through the house while he relieved his guest of his heavy briefcase. There was audible commotion in some distant room. A door swung. The pleasant odor of hot beef was briefly pungent in the air. A very substantial, matronly woman came through the livingroom archway and advanced with bustling efficiency. She wiped her work-red hands on her apron as she came, glanced expectantly at her husband. "Brother Helmuth, this is the Missus; best cook in the whole church."

Peter Helmuth extended his hand and greeted cordially. He was looking into an honest, generously proportioned face, flushed from the exertion of cooking. Her gray, cape type dress, black shoes and black stockings accentuated the severe plainess of her face. On her head she wore a devotional covering with strings attached.

"We all enjoyed your message this morning," she said. "It must be difficult to adjust to such strange customs and live where so many people have so little to get along with. We have so much." Her eyes wandered from her guest into the room space behind him, as if taking stock, and came to rest momentarily on her son who had not yet seen fit to acknowledge the presence of

anyone in the room. "I sometimes feel we are not properly grateful," she continued. Peter Helmuth thought he detected a note of sadness in her voice. He was certain of the look of uneasiness in her eyes when they met his again, a kind of bewildered look. He suddenly sensed that she herself had a problem of adjustment and was not quite up to it. *She would be happier in more humble circumstances,* he thought; *yes, she belongs in the old place, among the old trees.*

He did not attempt to answer the question following her remark about his morning message. He saw she was more anxious to return to the kitchen than to receive an answer. She took advantage of the slight pause and excused herself.

He watched her go. She was an example of good solid Pennsylvania Dutch womanhood, a woman to whom food was a very essential life experience, a bit too solid perhaps after knowing Hanako. All the evidence that met his eye indicated a good housekeeper too, her own person, the clean wall to wall carpeting, the dustless furniture and the general orderliness of many things in their proper niche were evidence of it. As he watched her broad back retreating rather ponderously, he heard Jonas say with pride: "She practically lives in her kitchen," but Peter Helmuth was seeing Hanako again who was also representative of a type.

He was comparing again, and although he was fully conscious that it might not be quite fair to do so, still the impulse was irresistible. Hanako, the wife of his dear friend Kiyoshi, how she persisted coming to his mind these days, that slight, brown woman with the outsize, clear eyes suggesting spiritual quality, and that was all that was large about her. He could visualize her now in her home in Osaka. It was almost devoid of furnishings. He could see her moving about unobtrusively among the flowers she loved to tend, like a flower herself, on a slender stem, gracing her uncluttered home, harmonizing with it. She put him in mind of Mary of Bethany. Mary must have been like Hanako.

He remembered his first call at the Okamura's. It was after a meeting in the mission headquarters. Hanako was standing at the door of her simple home, slightly behind her husband, Kiyoshi. He could still feel the warm embrace of that first reception manifest in the words of her sincere greeting." "I heard God talking to me in your words," she had said; "these words were very precious to me. Welcome to our humble home. All we have is from the Lord; it is yours to use in his service."

"It is yours to use in his service," Kiyoshi had echoed beaming, and they had both bowed their heads in the polite manner of the people of that country.

"And this is our son Tom," Jonas Stolzfuss was saying. The boy rose from his deep, red leather comfort in slow motion, as if it were an effort he would rather have dispensed with. He held the luridly grotesque comic section in his left hand, but did not offer his right. He wore the pink shirt, fashion of the day prescribed, and a pair of yellow slacks. A knit, violet necktie, tied in a square knot, completed his outfit except for a pair of black suede shoes. These shoes were especially noticeable on account of their severe plainness, a contrast to the riot of color above them.

This decisive language of his attire completely silenced the voice of his face. It did not need to express anything. There was nothing more to say. Peter Helmuth tried in vain to find anything there either positive of good or bad to speak to him of character. It was not that the boy's face was blank. *No it is not that,* he concluded. *It is more a face full of contradictions; a face in which numerous personality traits are struggling for expression, none of which have yet crystalized to give any semblance of stability.*

Peter Helmuth knew he would have to take the initiative. He therefore proffered his hand and tried to hold the boy's eyes with his own smiling ones. But his warm look elicited no response there. If anything he saw in the boy's eyes a certain guardedness, a certain willfulness and even a veiled defiance like that of a bridle shy colt. The hand that came to rest in his own was soft and limp. That hand told him more than anything else; it was very articulate.

Hands can reveal so much, he thought. *This one tells me the boy has never made any commitments, that he has been pampered by his parents; that he has never experienced the disciplinary force of demanding physical labor: that he is an expert at taking and ignorant of giving; that he has no sense of responsibility; that he is enamored of himself and has no objective interest in others.* Peter Helmuth could still feel the grip of the elder Stolzfuss when he had greeted him in the vestibule of the new Hopefield Church. He wondered how there could be such a marked difference between father and son, and why this was, and who was to blame.

When he finally released the boy's hand, it was with a sense of sadness. The latter seemed only too glad to return to the fascination of the Sunday comics. *Why is it that people allow their children to saturate their minds with that insane stuff,* he pondered; *what a diet for a Sunday morning! I can't understand how anyone could think that his home benefits by Sunday papers.*

This reflection reminded him of his father who had first instilled such ideas into him, at that time when he still rather resented that they didn't have any newspapers at all in their home when all the neighbors spent hours poring over them. "Peter," his father had said once when his son had remonstrated with him on this score, "there is no news in them worth reading that you can't find in better form in a good weekly review sheet. I will not have my children's minds cluttered with crime stories and asinine comic strips. Your mind is not a garbage pail; it is a wonderfully created receptacle for the wisdom of God."

Tom's father was evidently not as discriminatory in the matter of home reading, but then he was putting his reliance on the reforming force of the good church

school. Peter Helmuth wondered why a bright mind like that of Brother Jonas could not see that he was putting difficulties in the way of this hoped-for reform.

Tom's hand had been so eloquent of parental inadequacies. Peter Helmuth was certain the father and mother of this home wanted their children to have the best advantages, but there was blindness here. *Jonas' worries over his son are not without basis,* he thought. *If the school fails, the boy can very easily be lost to the church; for that matter, be lost to any church.*

Another shadow had entered Peter Helmuth's consciousness where there was already an accumulation of negative impressions concerning his own people. He thought again of the simplicity of his Christian witness in Japan and the simplicity of the response in such people as Kiyoshi and Hanako. It was true he had had to struggle with himself before he had been able to overcome his western idiosyncracies and let the Lord speak through him without getting in his way. The church over there had the atmosphere of the Book of Acts. *I feel more at home over there,* he reflected again, *much more at home than here among my own people who sent me. It is very strange to feel like this, but I can't deny the feeling. Sometimes I am tempted to think that my people are simply using their missionaries as a sacrifice to their conscience. They subject us to physical hardships in foreign places and get a kind of vicarious experience of physical discomfort through us while they continue to upholster their actual living. Do they really understand the meaning of the commission they have given to us? Yes, they know its language. They have a theory in regard to it, but do they really know what it is? If I had remained among them, I would have been like them. It is very probable. The conforming force of a culture is hard to withstand even if one is aware of it. I see in my people too little concern to be different, to be peculiar in a sea of sameness. It is as if they have become desensitized to the dangers of living in the world. The mother of this home still wears the old symbols of our deep distrust of the world. The father still talks of the Simple Life and the building of the church. They have both embraced as necessities what were once luxuries. What is one to expect of their children? In this complex of frenzied progress and fervent faith, in the absolute good of superlative standards of living, what is happening to the elements of preservation that Jesus had described so simply by the word—salt?*

The voice of Jonas Stolzfuss interrupted these reflections: "Is Sis here?" He was addressing his son. The boy jerked his head in the direction of the far end of the room where an extension of a lower level was partially blocked from view by a screen, and where apparently the daughter of the house was watching the television program Peter Helmuth had heard snatches of when he first entered the house. The daughter herself was not visible.

"I want you to meet Sis," Jonas Stolzfuss said, leading his visitor toward the screened off portion of the room. The heavy carpet gave under Peter Helmuth's feet. Royalty could have had it no better. In his mind echoed his host's words at the church, "Might as well have the best, you know." He evidently applied that rule to himself too. Jonas was saying: "We had ten in my family, and the Missus had three brothers and four sisters. We have only these two children, Tom and Sis. The old folks were disappointed in us. 'It's a good thing we have lots of machinery these days,' Grandpa used to say; 'you certainly couldn't take care of all the farms with all them boys you ain't got!' " And Jonas Stolzfuss laughed his golden best.

They approached the far end of the living room. The cigarette commercial was quite audible again. Two shallow steps led to this extension of the main room. The entrance was wide. Near the bottom step it was almost blocked by a folding bamboo screen which insured a kind of semi-privacy in the space beyond it. On the other side of this screen, Peter Helmuth found himself in a cozy, apartment-like atmosphere where the accent of the furnishings was one of intimate living. The informality of the place was inviting.

"Well," Jonas Stolzfuss said surprised; "our bird has flown! No matter, she'll be back soon. Why don't we sit down here." He motioned his visitor to the low davenport that faced the TV screen. Peter Helmuth sank into the deep upholstering. He had not felt such comfort for a long time. He stretched out his legs. TV was new to him; he was curious about it. It was undoubtedly an invention with great promise, but what he had seen of it in public places had not been very reassuring. He had, however, promised himself to keep an open mind on the matter. One didn't condemn a thing because it was new.

The odor of cosmetic perfume was in the air. A blond mahogany coffee table with a glass top intervened between them and the TV screen. An enamaled compact lay there, and beside it an artistically shaped metal tube container on which he was able to decipher the trade name—*Revlon.* A piece of Kleenex tissue beside it showed dark red stains. All signs betrayed the hasty departure of the owner of these articles. There were some magazines too.

"Whew!" Jonas Stolzfuss had just completed a successful struggle with his collarbutton. "It's a good day for corn," he joked, exposing his red neck. Then he sighed in happy anticipation of complete relaxation and gave his shoes a wistful look of self-denial. "A good day for corn, but a bit hard on fat livestock and people," he concluded, and wiped his face with his handkerchief with dramatic efficiency.

Peter Helmuth nodded goodnaturedly to these sentiments. "I had forgotten it could get so warm in the States," he said.

"Yes," his host remarked, chuckling at the antics of a couple of clowns on the TV screen who called themselves, Bob and Ray, who were just at the moment deadpanning to the accompaniment of insane remarks, "I

suppose Japanese weather is nothing like this; all that water around there ought to help."

"But the winters are cold, and the fuel is scarce and expensive. Our mission house has no heat at all. It is very difficult to concentrate on the Gospel message when your feet are cold and your body is shivering."

"Why don't you put in central heating?" Jonas asked naively, showing huge enjoyment of "Bob's" impersonation of an irate spinster.

The question reminded Peter Helmuth of a similar question put by a famous French empress who won a dubious kind of immortality by asking it. "Why don't they eat cake?" she had asked.

"I was hoping we could install a cheap space heater this fall," he said earnestly; "but the people are very poor. They don't even have adequate heat in their homes." A few moments ago he had wistfully contemplated the yawning maw of the great fireplace in the room they had just left. It was just for show. Somewhere in this modern complex of luxury there would be an automatic oil furnace. He had seen the controls on the wall near the dining room door.

If Kiyoshi and his diminutive wife were suddenly transplanted into this setting, they would think they had awakened in Fairyland. How much some people have and others so little, he reflected sadly. *No, it would not be good for his Japanese friends to see this. I am glad the great Pacific lies between to obscure all this. But eventually, eventually the knowledge of material differences could not be hidden, not even by the Pacific.*

Again Peter Helmuth thought of his experience in India when he had been asked to describe the *Simple Life* of the American Mennonites. When he had later told of his experience in a Sunday school period discussion, someone had asked, "Well what is the solution? Are we supposed to revert to the loincloth?" That particular questioner had a gift of cutting through the fog of redundant argument. But the real question was not that. The real question was: How much more can a Christian put on than the average man in the world without sharing it before he raises a barrier between himself and the one to whom he is trying to explain the mission of Jesus. Clothes were just a symbol for all material appendages.

"Ray and Bob" had just graciously vacated the TV screen in favor of a singer in a low cut dress. If the music could not hold the viewer, the singer herself was bound to.

"How much would it take to put heat into that meetinghouse?" Jonas was asking. "A hundred dollars?" Peter Helmuth looked at his host. This was one of the problems he had asked the Lord to help him with. *Is Jonas going to be the man the Lord will use to answer this need?* he wondered. *I could almost wish it might not be this man with the prominent gold teeth.* But it was.

Jonas Stolzfuss' hand was on his visitor's knee; he shook it playfully in his solid grip. "I will give you the hundred dollars before you leave." He leaned closer until his heavy breathing beat into his visitor's face. "You know, Brother Helmuth," he continued, earnestly fixing his slightly protrusive eyes on his guest's; "I shall take it out of my tithing fund. Since I began tithing the Lord has blessed me wonderfully. I am accumulating money faster than ever before. It keeps me busy just to invest my profits. Yes sir, prosperity began to snowball on me after I began to tithe. I keep telling the Brethren at the church, the way to prosperity is to tithe. Why I never miss that ten per cent! It's just a drop in the bucket.

Peter Helmuth wanted to close his ears, to run away. Only his sense of politeness to a host restrained him. He was glad when the heavy hand released his knee and the jowled face with its gold teeth resumed its normal distance. He had learned to smile like Kiyoshi even when he was slightly nauseated. *Jonas is evidently quite sincere, but alas so blind! And he isn't an isolated case. He represents the symptoms of blindness shared by many of us who proundly bear the name, American; those symptoms that find their expression in the comparatively plush circumstances in which we live and the flaunting of these high standards into the eyes of less fortunate nationalities. If Kiyoshi and Hanako would see all I have seen and also heard just among my own people who voice the slogan of the Simple Life, they would say the Communist propaganda about us has elements of truth. It is even possible to tithe and give nothing.* "I'll never miss it," Jonas had said.

What did the poet say? What was that about the gift without the giver? He was right. What was the gift without compassion, without an emotional experience toward the receiver that reflected the love of God in man, for man? Nothing, absolutely a sterile nothing. But Peter Helmuth managed to smile his thanks graciously for the hundred dollars, although he would have preferred a more enlightened giver.

"Ray and Bob" had reappeared. Jonas Stolzfuss turned his attention to them again, inviting his guest to do likewise. "I always get a big kick out of them," he said happily. Peter Helmuth watched the clowning. He had a good sense of humor, for natural humor that is, but this type of ribald banter and the accompanying facial distortions repelled his sensitive nature. This slapstick humor was part of the American scene. He had known it in the days before he had become a missionary. But now that he had seen other civilizations, he knew this was a typically American manifestation, this desire to laugh at all cost. In no other country of the world was there such a studied attempt to ignore the seriousness of life. It was a grotesque humor, an alarming symptom of spiritual decadence, and so it was not funny to him at all but only dreadfully tragic. The words of Eliot came to his mind—*The laceration of laughter that ceases to amuse.* He could not understand how a man of Jonas Stolzfuss' religious heritage could find it to his taste. It was not even intelligent humor.

His eyes sought some more rewarding object. He raised them to a picture hanging obove the television set. Pictures had always interested him. In Japan he had discovered

he had a natural talent for art. There he had spent relaxing hours in front of an easel that Kiyoshi had once given him. He wondered what kind of art his host might be partial to. The picture he was now observing was rather indistinct in the semi-darkness of the room whose light had been muted to make the TV screen more vivid. But he recognized the painting immediately. With this recognition he felt himself start. His blood began a sudden pounding in his temples. It was so out of place there. And then, a great calm submerged this inner reaction until he was only conscious of the face in that picture. With the complete intimacy of long acquaintance with that face he said: *I didn't expect to see you here.*

The picture portrayed a sky of lowering clouds, heavy with destructive portent. Far in the background, revealed by the yellow light that broke through a momentary rift in the brooding clouds, a distant dome and a city wall were barely discernible. It was a night scene. The wall and the projecting dome were on a hill that sloped sharply down into a ravine lost in utter blackness. In the foreground knelt a man. It was he whom Peter Helmuth had addressed mentally. The only real light in the picture seemed to emanate from him; his uplifted face was its own light in this setting of gloom and foreboding. A reflection of this light was caught in the faces of three prostrate men who lay a few paces down the slope. They seemed to be sleeping and unaware of the torture that lined the features of the lighted face of the main figure. His hands were clasped before him and resting on the barren rock. A dead thornbush in the foreground accentuated the poignancy of that suffering clearly etched in the uplifted face.

And his sweat was as it were
great drops of blood
falling down to the ground.

Peter Helmuth quoted the words mentally. How forcefully the painter Hoffman had pictured that Gethsemane scene. In the crucible of suffering the spiritual stature of Jesus Christ commanded that supreme strength to shoulder the guilt of mankind. *And how determined this America of mine is to evade all semblance of suffering. And my own people, how far they are committed in their conformity to this same spirit. I would like to tell Jonas to take the picture down and hang it somewhere else. Its message is so utterly foreign to this room where everything is orientated toward pleasure with ease. Christ bruising his knees on the rocks in an environment of wall to wall carpeting, bottomless sofas and club lounging chairs! In an air-conditioned atmosphere he is sweating blood; his agony-fought words are competing with television hilarity and Sunday comics. But where would Jonas hang it? The whole house should be declared out of bounds for such a picture; it knows nothing of suffering; the mortar between every brick speaks a language of cost and pampered living. The Christian witness cannot thrive on physical comfort and the illusion of absolute security. Kiyoshi and Hanako in your home, yes in your home where we so often knelt together on the bare floor until our knees ached because of our prayer vigil, there this Christ could be treasured properly, there his face could speak its message of suffering and be understood.*

I am sure there is a universal moral-spiritual law that requires suffering to be an ingredient of spiritual strength. I do not wish for my people the extreme physical and mental tribulations history already documents, but Kiyoshi would say if he were here: 'You people have too many silken cushions, you must get rid of these cushions or else you will become too soft to fend off the darts of the Evil One. Kiyoshi lived in a complex society too, but Kiyoshi and Hanako had suffered in the great war. They had prayed with their knees on the bare rocks like the Saviour while their world went up in mushrooming pillars of fire and rubble.

My people too were strongest in the days when they faced the executioner in Switzerland, when they wrestled against the priesthood of a vindictive church to re-establish the spirit of the early Christian Fathers, when they wrestled against the elements of nature in the poorly drained deltas of the Rhine and the Vistula, when they were treking through the vast plains of Russia to settle beside the nomad on rich but intractable soil, when war, pestilence and hunger swept over them in a Red tide and tossed them like debris to all points of the compass. It is good for man to remember his mortality and to stand humbly before his Creator.

Peter Helmuth was startled out of his contemplation by a strange phenomenon. It seemed to him that the lips of the pictured Christ had moved. He changed his position on the sofa experimentally; there it was again, the same effect. Involuntarily he jumped up. His sudden movement caused Jonas Stolzfuss to break off in the middle of a laugh. When the latter noticed the direction of his guest's interest, he laughed again and arose to snap off the TV set.

"Come closer," he said, and it was obvious he was enjoying his guest's perplexity. "I suppose you thought the face moved?" With his fingers he then traced a crack in the glass that covered the picture. And now Peter Helmuth saw it too where it ran across the Saviour's face. "I grew up with this picture in the old house," Jonas continued, and by the tone of his voice Peter Helmuth could tell that his host valued the picture. "When we moved it over here and hung it, we noticed the crack for the first time. When you sit over there on the sofa and the light hits the crack just right it is deflected. You are not the first visitor to notice it. The Missus is always after me to fix it, but it is one of those jobs one never seems to have time for. All it needs is a new glass." Peter Helmuth would have liked to make a few relevant points regarding the picture and its cracked condition, but the emotion that shook him at this moment made it impossible.

He idly picked up one of the several books held be-

tween ornamental bookends on the polished top of the TV cabinet. He read the title: *Service for Peace.* He knew of the book. He had been one of the many young men who had lived that service during the war. He was convinced it documented a very significant experience in the history of his people. The real meaning of it was still not fully recognized and all its effects were still not observable simply because the people who had been most involved in it were still maturing. But he was sure that experience had started a fermentation that would go on for a long time to produce changes for the good of the Kingdom.

"I bought that book for Tom," Jonas Stolzfus was saying now, "the cheapest book I ever bought new of that size. Our own publication, you know. Seems the Publishing House couldn't sell them, so they gave them away at twenty-five cents a copy. Tom's about draft age now. I was hoping he might pick it up some day and get some good out of it. But this book," and Jonas drew out another book with an attractive Pennsylvania Dutch design on its cover, "this book is really selling like hot cakes. The House reported," Jonas' voice was edged with pride as if he was taking a personal interest in the accomplishment, "this book is far outselling every other one written by one of our people. The Missus has some of her recipes in here under her name." Jonas began thumbing to find support for his statement.

Peter Helmuth took the book from his host. There it was under *Scrapple,* sure enough, Mrs. Jonas Stolzfuss. Peter Helmuth was astonished, not so much to see the name that was referred to his attention as by the fact that it was a cookbook. *It is rather ironical, he reflected, that with all our historical emphasis on the importance of the spiritual as opposed to the material we should become known to the world as spreaders of good tables, as patterns for good eating.*

"Dad!" The carpeted steps leading in from the living room had silenced her approach as she came down and around the bamboo screen. "Dad, dinner is ready." Then she paused uncertainly at the davenport the two men had so recently occupied.

Peter Helmuth noted the petulant quality in her voice. He also noted the heavy accent of red on her otherwise pretty mouth and how, when she spoke, her lips had a tendency to draw down at the corners. The blue eyes that met his expressed a cultivated boredom. *About the same age as Hanako,* he thought.

As she stood there waiting for recognition, it occurred to him that she was much too preoccupied with her sex, that she had all the earmarks of a young woman who is devoted to increasing the attractiveness of that sex by artificial aids.

Her stance at the davenport was almost theatrical, as if she were modeling for a dress designer. She had raised her left hand to the back of her well proportioned head, a head of vivid black hair cut short in the Italian style, giving her a boyish look. She teetered inexpertly on her spike-heeled shoes; they were red with open toes. Her dress, a sleeveless taffeta, rustled the last minute dictation of the fashion world, featured a wasp waist and a voluminous skirt that billowed out over the support of a can-can.

The full length of her right arm gleamed white against her black dress and from this arm's wrist, encircled by a silver chain, dangled a dogtag which she fingered idly in her palm.

"This is Sis," Jonas Stolzfuss was saying. Peter Helmuth acknowledged the introduction gravely. Sis harmonized with the general pattern of negative impressions that had buffeted his sense of Christian propriety since this day had begun for him. After all the rest this could have been expected, although it was a rather crowning negative.

He was interested for the moment more in the awe and dubiety in his host's voice as Jonas made the introduction. This dual tone was a combination of attitudes sometimes encountered in parents who never quite get over their amazement at the perfection they have created with so few of the prerequisites. Sis was a natural beauty in spite of artificial decor and posture. Peter Helmuth recognized that as he shifted his eyes to study the father's face with analytical keenness. He drew some mental conclusions:

That dubiousness in his voice is also in the set of his face. It reveals the same conflict I have already noticed between father and son. In spite of his seemingly complete adjustment to what he so proudly calls "progress," it is apparent his children are several jumps ahead of him. They are expressing approval of this progress in a way he cannot reconcile with his inarticulate Christian principles. His children are heading for that total conformation with the world that is such a logical sequence to his own affirmation of material values. This progressive process is a threat to their Christian identity. He senses the danger, I am sure of that, but will he know how to counter it? He himself is already too committed to the pursuit of wealth, security, and physical ease to be in a strong moral position to check them. They are already beyond his control.

Christian vitality cannot be nurtured in an environment where these three delusive "blessings" are so madly sought after as the ultimate achievements. My people need a prophet to lead them forward to sterner concepts of values. We still speak of simplicity as a pattern for daily living, but it is clear fewer and fewer of us are practicing it. It is still the device on our shield that we show for identification, but to the objective eye it looks like a reversed carbon. All the letters are there that spell the original word, but to the stranger to whom we seek to witness, the word is not legible. I see that so clearly now that distance has given me a truer perspective of conditions at home.

"Hanako, this is your sister in Christ," he experimented mentally. *No, I cannot expect Hanako to accept such an*

introduction without some mental reservations. Her sincerity could not brook this pose of sophistication. Her spiritual eye is too single to be blind to the contradictions typified in Sis.

All these reflections crowded his consciousness in a moment of time, and a sense of burden that had been growing in him since the morning service now weighed him down like the legendary burden of St. Christopher. He literally felt his shoulders sag, for instinctively, he knew what was going to be required of him.

The figure and the face of the suffering Christ were behind him on the wall, but he didn't need the artist's aid. That face had been with him in all his experiences as a missionary, but now it was nearer than ever and the eyes were upon him. Again he saw that mute request he had so often encountered in them when a difficult problem had demanded a decision. The eyes said:

"Take up my cross." In his heart Peter Helmuth heard himself answer: "I shall hurt many feelings, Lord. My people more or less think of themselves as an elect people."

"A disciple of mine was never known to participate in a popularity contest," was the answer.

"I will follow, Lord, but you must lead."

"That is understood in my original request; I shall be with you always."

"But will they listen, Lord?"

"For you there is only the mission; the rest is not your business."

As Peter Helmuth followed the lead of the daughter of the house to the intimate hospitality of Jonas Stolzfuss' table, a hospitality toward which he was certain to have additional mental reservations now that he had a definite mission in regard to all such reservations, let the chips fall where they would, he was reminded of a prophet back in the dim historical past, a prophet of a great people setting out from the relatively uncomplicated life at Anathoth to face the complexities of Jerusalem.

Books in Review

Stride Toward Freedom, by Martin Luther King, Jr., New York: Harper and Brothers, 1958. 224 pp., $2.95.

This is an authentic account of how the fifty thousand Negroes ended racial segregation on the busses of Montgomery, Alabama. It is told in this highly readable and exciting volume by the man who stood at the center of the movement and gave it creative Christian leadership, Martin Luther King, Jr.

The book is partly autobiographical in which one can trace the intellectual pilgrimage of the author and also see his fears and misgivings as well as his faith and courage during the year-long struggle against racial segregation on busses. The author also gives his exposition of the Christian ideal of *Agape*, and how it is expressed in nonviolence. Finally, he gives practical considerations in dealing with method, technique and strategy. Here he describes the manner in which they organized and administered this tremendous movement of protest against evil. It is refreshing to see such an inspiring witness to Christian love in a world tense with conflict and hatred. What can Christian love say to the segregation issue? Are there spiritual weapons by which evil may be overcome? This book says that there are. It says that persuasion that is motivated by love and is ready to suffer is more than technique that is expedient in a moment of crisis. It is a way of life which is to be followed in all of its relationships.

Chapter six is an important one and particularly pages 104-107 in which *Agape* and its meaning is discussed. How can *Agape* deal with large-scale evil? The Negloes of Montgomery, under the leadership of Martin Luther King, Jr., took a long stride in the direction of an answer. This book bears careful reading and reflection.

Bethel College Mennonite Church — Russell L. Mast

The Way of the Cross in Human Relations, by Guy Franklin Hershberger, Scottdale, Pa.: Herald Press, 1958. 424 pp., $5.50.

As the title implies, Hershberger's volume attempts to make concrete the implications of the Christian life in the mid-twentieth century. Any serious thinking in this vein deserves our attention. However, this volume contains much more than the title would lead us to expect, for Hershberger lays a background for his subject of Christian reponsibility in today's complex world by bringing us an exegesis of a Christian cosmology, ethic, and eschatology, and a series of concise chapters on various aspects of historical Christian experience with the social order. Thus by the time that we approach contemporary civilization in 1958, we have given our attention to chapters on the medieval church, the work of the reformers, a critique of the social gospel, Christian action, council of churches, and fundamentalism. Special attention is given to the position of historic Anabaptism and its struggle with the social order.

Hershberger brings a wide knowledge of the affairs of men to this task. With humility he confesses himself to be a seeker at many points. And, although by direct statement or implication, the evolving pattern of which we catch glimpses appears to have a strong rural Mennonite configuration, it cannot be said that the author spares the fellow members of the "gathered flock" in 1958.

For, living in the sensate culture of the day he discerns in the fellowship tendencies toward gross materialism, narrow group self-interest, pursuit of the symbols of prestige for their own sake, lavish personal expenditures, use of tobacco and alcohol, the emergence of class distinctions along occupational lines splitting the church fellowship, a tendency to eschew processes of mutual aid, and the prideful assumption that all of the material wealth and power which modern Mennonites command is an index of spiritual well-being.

The position on race relations in today's world is firm, courageous and unequivocal. Probably the widest gap between the religion of the sensate culture of the day and the faith of the "gathered flock" lies in the premises of nonresistant position, with the potential concomitant of martyrdom to the professing believer. There is no 'power of positive thinking' here. Christianity becomes hard. But as Boulding observes in another connection, the symbol of Christianity is the Cross and not a teddy bear. Certainly nonresistant Christians have not made much progress demonstrating, even to other Christian believers, the validity of the faith to which we bear witness. To carry the burden of this insight in a world which may be in the process of exterminating itself through radioactive poison is to be somewhat in the position of a man who might have discovered a cure for cancer, but who then refused to tell the world about his discovery, because he lived in a society in which cancer was believed to be inevitable or a visitation of divine providence. We shall need to continue to explore the way of the Cross in human relations, and Hershbergers's book is an excellent start.

Bethel College — J. Lloyd Spaulding

Jeremiah, Prophet of Courage and Hope, by J. Phillip Hyatt, New York: Abingdon Press, 1958. 119 pp., $2.00.

This is a helpful and easy-to-read volume bringing into brief compass the author's thorough study of one who was probably the greatest of the Old Testament prophets. A more complete treatment of the subject is made by the same author in volume 5 of the *Interpreter's Bible.* A chronology of the book of Jeremiah appears in the appendix as well as a selected bibliography. This book will serve a useful purpose as a guide in the reading and rereading of the book of Jeremiah itself.

Bethel College Mennonite Church — Russell L. Mast

History of the Pennsylvania Mennonite Church in Kansas by Emma King Risser, Pennsylvania Mennonite Church, Hesston, Kansas, 1958, 95 pp., $3.25. (Available through Earl Buckwalter, pastor of the congregation.)

Mrs. Risser has written the history of her congregation with much love and with appreciation for the pioneer Kansas settlers who began this church in the 1880's. It contains 19 interesting photographs and 27 brief chapters with such titles as "Ministers and Ordinations," "The Sunday School," and "Teacher's Meetings." The T. M. Erb diaries are the most-used primary source.

The book is interesting to the wider Mennonite circle for at least two reasons. First, the Pennsylvania congregation has contributed leaders all out of proportion to its small size. Among them are Paul Erb, Vernon Reiff, Allen Erb, Ralph Buckwalter, Albert Buckwalter, and Esther Rose Graber. Second, Mrs. Risser has recorded history in a creative way, preserving the past for the guidance and inspiration of present and future generations.

North Newton, Kansas — Elaine Sommers Rich

Art and the Reformation by G. G. Coulton. New York: Harper Brothers. Harper Torchbook edition, 1958. Volume I. *Medieval Faith and Symbolism* 320 + lxvi pp. $1.85. Volume II. *The Fate of Medieval Art in the Renaissance and Reformation.* 181 + xxvll pp. $1.35.

It has been taught that a great deal of Medieval art was the handiwork of the monk in the monastery. Coulton goes back to church and monastery records and proves that this is a mistaken idea—that the monk artist was rare. The story is told interestingly and does no discredit to either the monk or the layman.

We find that a complete and authoritative system of symbolism never existed in Medieval art. Some of the most important ideas were left to the individual's choice, others were interpreted differently by different writers or by the same writers.

North Newton, Kansas — Clara B. Schmidt

Unknown Sayings of Jesus, by Joachim Jeremias, London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1957. 110 pp., $2.00.

This book by Joachim Jeremias is a translation of *Unbekannte Jesusworte* (1951). The first section pictures interestly in non-technical language the process and problems of the transmission of the sayings of Jesus outside the Gospels. Valuable for the lay reader is his portrayal of the principles used in trying to determine whether asaying is likely a genuine word of our Lord. He examines twenty-one sayings under the headings: "Three Stories About Jesus," "Apocalyptic Seryings," and "Life of Discipleship."

For the Bible student this is interesting reading. The general reader would do well to read the first section and select such specific "sayings" for further reading as may interest him.

Bethel College — Henry A. Fast

The Origin and Transmission of the New Testament, by L. D. Twilley, Grand Rapids, Michigan: Wm. B. Eerdmans, 1957. 69 pp., $1.50.

The purpose of this book in the words of the author is to "give a brief outline of the early days of the Church as portrayed in the New Testament, and to indicate within that history the points at which the various New Testament books were written and to show how these books have been transmitted through the centuries down to our own day."

The book gives an excellent brief presentation of the life of the early church and of the conditions that called forth the writing of the New Testament. The section on "The Text of the New Testament Fixed and Multiplied" gives a valuable listing and characterization of ancient New Testament manuscripts. This essentially conservative study gives to the lay reader valuable insight into the laborious process involved in the study and evaluation of ancient manuscripts and in the attempt to provide the most authentic text for today.

Bethel College — Henry A. Fast

Moscow and the Ukraine 1918-1953, by Basil Dmytryshyn (New York: Bookman Associates, 1956. 310 pp., $5.00), and *Ukrainian Nationalism 1939-1945,* by John A. Armstrong (New York: Columbia University Press, 1955. 322 pp., $5.00), seek to make a reappraisal of the nationality policy toward the Ukraine. Many people, noting that the Soviet Union consists of sixteen federated republics, felt that Russia had largely solved the problem of nationalism, and national minorities through the framework of the "multinational state" legally described as a "federation of nationalities." The superficial observer may also assert that the Communists have had a clear-cut program regarding national minorities ever since 1917.

Both Dmytryshyn and Armstrong reject this view. Dmytryshyn suggests that the pronouncements of the Soviet leaders were often high-sounding platitudes or meaningless double talk actually designed to arrest the development of minority nationalism while appearing on the surface to support its development. He contends that the policy of the Kremlin with reference to the Ukraine has gradually evolved along a most zig-zag route designed ultimately to bring about the total regimentation of the Ukraine.

Armstrong's volume traces the rise of Ukrainian nationalism and shows how the Ukrainians were in reality trying to free themselves from the shackles of Moscow. Many of them saw the star of Ukrainian nationalism emerge when Hitler's legions arrived. If the Germans would have been more sympathetic and co-operative, they would have secured the co-operation of scores of Ukrainians, but the Germans fumbled their opportunity. They antagonized the Ukrainians with their rude treatment of the prisoners of war, and with the "second class" treatment Ukrainians received in Germany.

Bethel College — Harley J. Stucky

The Use of Audio-Visuals in the Church, by Oscar J. Rumpf, Philadelphia: The Christian Education Press, 1958. 150 pp., $3.00.

Audio-Visuals are presented in a thoroughly practical way by Rumpf, a mid-western pastor and seminary instructor. Properly oriented to the purposes and problems of the church—this treatment covers basic topics, problems and materials with good imagination.

Rumpf insists that one of the serious problems of the church is the lack of meanings attached to words used by pastors and teachers with resulting breakdown of communication because of no information or mis-information. One chapter suggests "Thirty-two Ways to Tell a Story" and thereby opens a panorama of possibilities motivating and inspiring. The author also has excellent suggestions on how a church should organize to use audio-visuals—what rooms and equipment are "firsts" in getting started—how to put pictures and script together for creative programs for worship and other purposes of the church. For beginners and for those with some experience, this book is readable, to the point, Christ oriented and challenging.

Bethel College — Ervin H. Schmidt

Beginning German in Grade Three, M.L.A. Teacher's Guide, New York: The Modern Language Association of America, 1956. 98 pp.

This course of study, produced with the co-operation of The American Association of Teachers of German, includes methods, materials, and aids for teaching conversational German to third-grade children. Besides 25 regular units consisting of repetition and response exercises, instructions for teaching and suggestions for dramatic situations, the guide also contains 30 German songs with music. The contents of the course present real German in life situations as well as insight into German culture. The regular classroom teacher, as well as the language specialist, may benefit from the thorough attempt to present instruction for teaching German. The guide may well be adapted for higher grades if necessary, or special evening or summer sessions.

Mennonite Biblical Seminary — Hedwig Sawadsky

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